



God, my teacher be,
 the things of Christ to me.
 about Jesus: in His word,
 communen with my Lord;
 His voice in every line,
 each faithful saying mine.
 about Jesus: on His throne,
 in glory all His own;
 His Kingdom's sure increase:
 His coming, Prince of Peace.

COMING EVENTS

Commissioner

ist and Conduct Meetings
 as follows:

ERN PROVINCE.

ow, Thursday, Feb. 21st.

Sunday and Monday, Feb.
 and 25th.

uesday, February 26th.

FOUNDLAND.

unday, March 3rd, to Mon-
 arch 11th.

E CRUSADE.

and the White Seventies

uct Special Meetings at

IS TEMPLE,

January 21st, to Sunday,
 ebruary 3rd.

ntario Province.

SAVING TROUPE will

January 21 to January
 23 to Feb. 3: Hespeier,
 Guelph, Feb. 11 to 17.
 Prayer every Monday

ntario Province.

NER will conduct the
 "Col." Matchett and
 Liscar St., Welnes-

Appointments.

GER.—Calgary, Mon.
 5; Lethbridge, Wed.
 6, 7; Medicine Hat,
 Thu., Feb. 8, 9, 10.

OLE.—Campbellford,
 Feb. 5, 6; Belleville,
 Feb. 7, 8; Deseront,
 Feb. 9, 10.

DINOTT.—Marthens-
 4; Petrolia, Tues.
 Wed., Feb. 6; Wy-
 d. 7; Watford, Fri.
 Sat. and Sun., Feb.

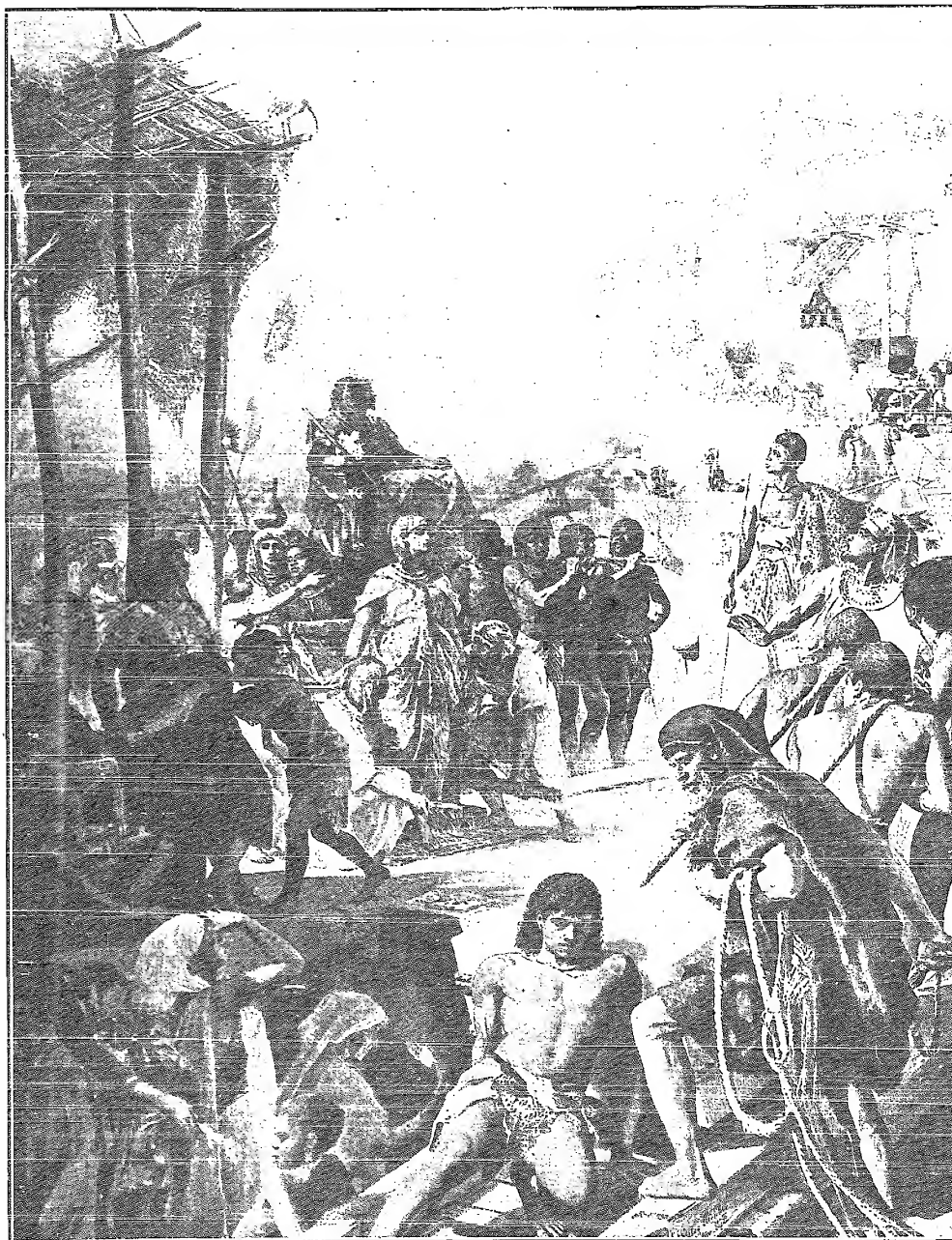
THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND AND NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

17th Year. No. 19.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1901.

Price, 5 Cents.



"IN SLAVERY."

(See article on page 3.)

WORDS OF GLADSTONE.

Never be doing nothing.

To be served by all is dangerous; to be contradicted by none is worse.

Every real and searching effort of self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

The sacrifice of things seen for things unseen is not only reasonable, but the highest reason.

There will always be scandals to make us humble, and faults and wants crying aloud to make us diligent.

A long experience impresses me with the belief that selfishness does not grow in lushness as we move downwards in society from class to class.

You must not run down patches. Many places built all at once are most uncomfortable, and some of the most convenient houses I know have been patched up. We get most of our comfort out of patches.

The multiplication of the appliances of material and worldly life, and the increased command of them through the ever-mounting aggregate of wealth in the favored section of society, silently but steadily tend to enfeeble in our minds the sense of dependence, and to efface the kindred sense of sin.

A MURDERER'S LAST WORDS.

Thursday, Jan. 17th, at 8:05 a.m. Morrison, the murderer of the Merion Arthur family, of Moosomin, was hanged at Regina, N. W. T. His crime was one of the most brutal ones of recent years.

Rev. J. A. Carmichael, his spiritual adviser, and Capt. Gilliam, of the Salvation Army, offered him consolation, the latter remonstrating with the delinquent during the whole of the last night on earth.

Upon reaching the scaffold, Morrison made a brief speech, in which he expressed his sorrow for his bad life, and the hope that his punishment would act as a warning to others. He had truly repented of his sins, and believed the Lord had forgiven him.

After the conclusion of his speech the rope was placed in position and the black cap placed over his eyes. Capt. Gilliam offered prayer, during which the bolt was drawn which launched Morrison into eternity.

A Backslider's Doom.

He had been a convert in the Army for some time, but became a backslider. When asked why he had given up the service of God he said that his people were very much against him being in the Army, and gave him no rest until they got him to step out of its ranks. His mother, in particular, expressed the wish that the Army would leave her boy alone, and that he would not stay in its ranks long. The mother got her wish, when the son became a wanderer, but he was not satisfied nor happy. He told a comrade that he was going to start again, and that when he did start he would allow no one to hinder him again. One Saturday night our brother came to the meeting, but refused to decide then. Next day, before ten o'clock he met his death while breaking the Sabbath. The last chance he ever had was refused, death came suddenly, and found him unprepared. Sinner, don't refuse another call of mercy. It may be the last.—Ensign Jennings.

If thou canst not continually reedify thyself, yet do it sometimes at least once a day, namely, in the morning, or at night. In the morning fix thy good purpose; and at night examine thyself what thou hast done, how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed, and thought, for in these, perhaps, thou hast sometimes offended against God and thy neighbor.

AN APPEAL TO THE UNSAVED.

BY THE LATE MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

(May be read at the conclusion of the War Cry Meeting. See pages 6 and 7.)

APPEAL.

But then another difficulty comes in, and people say, "I have not the power to repent." Oh, yes you have. There is a grand mistake. You have the power, or God would not command it. You can repent. You can this moment lift up your eyes to heaven, and say with the Prodigal, "Father, I have sinned, and I renounce my sin." You may not be able to weep—God nowhere requires or commands that; but you are able, this very moment, to renounce sin in purpose, in resolution, in intention. Mind, don't confound the renouncing of the sin with the power of saving yourself from it. If you renounce it, Jesus will come and save you from it. Like the man with the withered hand—Jesus intended to heal that man. Where was the power to come from to heal him? From Jesus, of course. The benevolence, the love, that prompted that healing all came from Jesus; but Jesus wanted a condition. What was it? The response of the man's will; and so He said, "Stretch forth Thine hand." And if he had been like some of you, he would have said, "What an unreasonable command! You know I cannot do it—I cannot." Some of you say that; but I say you can, and you will have to do it, or you will be lost. What did Jesus want? He wanted that "I will, Lord," inside the man—the response of his will. He wanted him to say, "Yes, Lord;" and, the moment he said that, Jesus supplied strength, and he stretched it forth, and you know what happened.

Don't look forward, and say, "I shall not have strength," that is not your matter—that is His. He will hold you up—He is able, when you once commit yourself to Him. Now then, say, "I will." Never mind what you suffer—it shall be done. He will pour in the oil and the balm. His glorious, blessed presence will do more for you in one hour than all your struggling, praying, and wrestling have done all these weary years. He will lift you up out of the pit. You are in the mire now, and the more you struggle, the more you sink; but He will lift you out of it, and put your feet on the rock, and then you will stand firm. Stretch out your withered hand, whatever it may be; say, "I will, Lord." You have the power, and mind, you have the obligation, which is universal and immediate. God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, and to believe the Gospel. What a tyrant He must be if He commands that and yet He knows you have not the power!

Now, do you repent? Mind the old snare. Now, do you weep?—Oh, dear, no. The feeling will come after this surrender.

Now, do not say, "I do not feel enough." Do you feel enough to be

willful to forsake your sin?—that is the point. Any soul who does not repent enough to forsake his sin is not penitent at all! When you repent enough to forsake your sin, that moment your repentance is sincere, and you may take hold of Jesus with a firm grasp. You have a right to appropriate the promise. Then it is, look and live. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Will you to-night come to that point? Don't begin making an excuse. Now!—all men!—everywhere!—NOW! Oh, my friend, if you had done that ten years ago! You have been accumulating sin, condemnation, and wrath ever since. God commanded you (these ten years ago) to repent, and believe the Gospel, and here you are yet. How many sermons have you heard?—in vain! How much persuasion and reasoning of the Holy Spirit have you received?—how much of the grace of God have you received in vain? Oh! people forget this. I tremble to think what an accumulated load of sin and privilege, lost opportunity, and wasted influence such people will have to give an account of. Talk about hell!—the weight of this will be hell enough. You don't seem to think anything of the way you treat God. Oh! people are very much awake to any evil they do to their fellowmen. They can much more easily see the sin of robbing or injuring their neighbors than robbing or injuring the great God; but He says, "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me." Do you not see the awful weight of condemnation that comes upon you for putting off, rejecting, resisting, vasillating, halting, while He says, "Now—now!" He has had a right to every breath you have drawn, to all your influence, every hour of every day all these ten years. Is it not time you ended that controversy? He may do with you as He did with such people once before—swear in His wrath that you shall not enter into His rest. Are you not provoking Him as they provoked Him? Oh! my friend, he persuaded none to repent. Let your sin go away, and come to the feet of Jesus. For your own sake, be persuaded. For the peace, the joy, the power, the glory, the gladness of living a life of consecration to God and service to your fellowmen, yield; but most of all, for the love He bears you, submit.

A great, rough man (stricken down), said to the General, when he looked up to the place where other people were being saved, "Mr. Booth, I would not go there for a hundred pounds!" The General whispered, "Will you go there for love?" and after a minute's hesitation, the man, brushing the great tears away, rose up, and followed him.

Will you go there for love—the love of Jesus!—the great love wherewith He loved you and gave Himself for you? Will you, for the great yearning with which your Father has been following you all these years—for His love's sake, will you come? Go down at His feet and submit. The Lord help you. Amen!

HEAR THE CRY OF THE MILLIONS!

In bondage of DRINK, bereft of reason and hope, they make their bodies the temple of fiends.

In the chains of CRIME, sinking below the level of the brute.

In the shackles of GREED, selling their soul for the gain of money and earthly possessions.

In the gaudy fetters of FASHION, seeking admiration and approval of appearance to cover over the ugliness of their inward being.

In the slavery of APPETITES that seek only the gratification of the grossest senses, making their bodies the graves of their souls.

In the thralldom of SIN, rackling the body, outraging conscience, and poisoning the soul.

WILL YOU COME TO THE RESCUE?

PICKED UP

The Plucked Flower.

Once a gardener had a choice flower that he tended and valued above all the flowers of the garden. One morning it was missing. He thought a servant had taken it, and went about asking if they had plucked it. Then a servant said, "I saw the master walking in the garden early, and he plucked it." The gardener said: "It is well. The flower was his. For him I nursed and tended it, and as he has taken it, it is well."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The Christian Chinaman.

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family which he belonged to a fashionable church. The lady asked him:

"Do you drink whiskey?"

"No; I Christian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No; I Christian man."

He was engaged, and was found honest and capable. By-and-bye the lady gave a progressive euchre party, with wine accompaniments. John did his part acceptably, but the next morning he appeared before his mistress, saying:

"I want quit."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"I a Christian man; I told you so. No workee for Melan heathen.—Sel

The Two Roads.

There are two roads before us. The one steep, rough, narrow, hard, and sure to reach its goal; the other broad, easy, flowery, descending, and therefore easier than the first. One is the path of obedience for the love of Christ. In that path there is no death, and those who tread it shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. The other is the path of self-will and self-pleasing, which fails to reach its unworthy goal, and brings the man at last to the edge of a black precipice, over the verge of which the impetus of his descent will carry his reluctant feet. "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble."—Dr. Alexander MacLaren.

Immortality.

Even in a moral point of view, I think the analogies derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three states of the caterpillar, larva, and butterfly, have, since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being—its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly—that an inhabitant of the dank and fetid dung-hill should in an instant entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams—than that a being, whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of unbounded power and infinite wisdom.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself, and not your words, preach for you.

The essence of true nobility is neglect of self; let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

Our Soldiers Page

Jerse Topics.

Man's Need.

Man needs more than this prosaic and narrow life, with its material comforts, its tolls that burden, its rewards that punish the spirit, its worship of secular success, and unquenching thirst of secular failure. He needs the hope of a nobler future, the vision of the city of God. Without this vision, earth, even where most full of material wealth, can be but a galleys, find the man a galley slave, or, with his hard limitations, its rules that cramp most where they most exercise, like a menagerie with its herd of bound animals, shadows of the free born, soured by the well-rod bondage that frets, though it may not break the spirit. Man, the worker, is changed by the hope of a deliverance hereafter into man the immortal; by it man, the artificer, becomes a spirit conscious of a Divine descent and destiny. When out of the future the light of the eternal city gleams, it glorifies the meanest moments of the present. The dignity it brings to man affects all he touches, dignifies through him toll, the commonest everyday mechanical labor. The citizen of heaven feels no work drudgery, for he can never be a drudge; in the hour of humblest endeavor he stands in the midst of the immensities, in the centre of the eternities which God inhabits.—A. M. Fairbairn, D.D.

Daily Food.

SUNDAY.—St. John III. 22-36.

The joyful content with which the Baptist accepts the eclipse of his own ministry by the greater ministry of the Lord Jesus is exceedingly beautiful and instructive. John had not allowed his temporary success to awaken vain expectations, but kept his heart subject to the will and purpose of God; hence he knew no bitterness of disappointment. "He must increase," etc. He humbly and loyally accepted the Divine plan. To those truly one with God, the appointments of Divine wisdom furnish the same satisfaction they give to God Himself. Let us make it safe so to learn Christ, that the waning of any light in life that we have prized may only make us the more profoundly conscious that the glory of the Lord has risen upon us.

MONDAY.—St. John IV. 1-26.

The first verses of our portion today illustrate a great law of the Divine government, thus announced: "With the merciful Thou wilt show Thyself merciful; with an upright man Thou wilt show Thyself upright," etc. (Ps. xviii. 25, 26). Over a large range of experience, the Divine manner towards us is an echo of our own manner. We saw yesterday with what loyal love John carried himself towards Jesus; now we see Jesus tenderly responding, in the largest measure consistent with the claims of His own mission. He retires to Galilee, where His own greater ministry would be less likely to cast a shadow upon the waning glory of the Baptist's mission. What does your conduct say you wish the Divine manner to be towards you?

TUESDAY.—St. John IV. 27-42.

"So the woman left her water-pot, and went away into the city." A very suggestive little touch. Christ had so inspired this woman with confidence in Himself, that she felt, instinctively, her water-pot could be safely left with Him whilst she returned to the city. He Who was caring for her highest welfare would not be unfaithful to her trust on this

lower plan of things. Are any of us who are trusting Christ for His great salvation, restless and uneasy about the water-pot we commit to His care?

WEDNESDAY.—St. John IV. 43-54.

What Jesus covets from us is a faith which reposes upon His character and word, not upon signs and wonders (verse 48). Such faith the nobleman was, in the first instance, not offering to Christ; but He boldly challenges him, and not in vain, for "the man believed the word Jesus spake unto him." Remember this. Not upon signs and feelings, but upon Himself, and His sure word, your Saviour wishes all your expectations to be built.

THURSDAY.—St. John V. 1-16.

"A certain man was there which had been thirty and eight years in his infirmity" (verse 5). How often Christ plans a great moment and a great surprise for a weary and almost hopeless sufferer! In verse 16 John opens his story of the overt rejection of Christ by his own (v. 11). Yet what a seemingly appearing their persecution assumes—because He did these things on the Sabbath. The heart of their zeal for the Sabbath was rotten. Let us see to it that we never cease or damage a good thing by a base spirit in our concern for it.

FRIDAY.—St. John V. 17-29.

What words of wonder we read today! The very bitterness of the animosity of the Jews bears witness to the

Divine Saviourship of Christ. And then how frank He was with them. If possible, He would dispel their distrust and win their love by the disclosure of the secrets of His sacred fellowship with the Father. No impostor or deceiver would have cared for such relations with Deity, or could have launched them. He was no independent adventurer, but was altogether subject to the Father and in partnership with Him. The Father loved Him, and in all things sought His fellowship. To Him the Father had committed power of judgment and of resurrection. All that concerned man and his momentous future had been given into His hands. If the Father thus honors the Son, what honor we owe Him too!

SATURDAY.—St. John V. 30-47.

Christ continues the wonderful disclosure of the secrets of His life and mission. Again He emphasizes His complete surrender to the will and work of the Father. John had borne witness to Him, but He had a greater witness in the works the Father had given Him to accomplish. There was nothing delicate or amiss in the attestation of His Divine character and mission; the mischief was in themselves. They neither loved God, nor had His word abiding in them. They neither had any sought true affinity with the Divine. The eternal life which was in Him they turned from, preferring the glory and parade of the creature. So terrible are the consequences of refusing to submit all the thoughts of our hearts to God and His word.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

ABOUT CHILDREN: THE TRAINING REQUIRED.

BY THE GENERAL.

NO LONG FIGHTS.

6. IN INFLECTING PUNISHMENT AVOID, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, ANYTHING LIKE PROTRACTED CONFLICTS WITH YOUR CHILDREN. From some strange motive, or from no intelligible motive at all, there will occasionally be a blank refusal on the part of a child to obey some distinct command. Now, at such times, the course ordinarily adopted by parents will be to compel obedience at all costs, and it is no uncommon experience for there to be a regular battle between the parties.

The parent says, "My boy refuses to pronounce a word in his lessons, or to close a door, or to do something else that I have commanded him. The act itself is a trivial matter, but the obedience is of leading importance. I must compel that obedience at all hazards."

The boy, in some strange and infuriated spirit, obstinately refuses. Punishment follows; the boy still refuses; then comes alternate pleadings, scoldings, weepings, and prayers—all of which the boy meets with the same dogged refusal, and so the conflict will be carried on for hours, to the heart-breaking distress of the parents and the unmitigated wretchedness of the child. At length the boy surrenders, and the parent feels a measure of satisfaction in having secured the obedience which he feels to be of life-long advantage to the child.

TRY BED BEFORE CAME.

Now, there can be no question about the importance of securing the repentance and submission of the boy. But is the plan which I have described the best? I submit that it is not. I would advise that instead of entering

on this discussion, the child be sent to bed on the first act of disobedience, prayed with, the character of his disobedience being explained to him, and so left to his own reflections. The probability is that on the following morning he will volunteer a confession of his fault, and promise that it shall never occur again. If he does not follow this course, then, as with other evil-doings, he must be placed out of the bounds of your pleasure until he does.

7. YOU MUST MAKE RELIGION AN AFFAIR OF YOUR EVERY-DAY LIFE. The children must feel that you are as religious at home as in the barracks; on Mondays as on Sundays; in your work as on your knees; indeed, it should be the atmosphere of the house, so that in it they can live and breathe, move and have their being.

GET THEM CONVERTED.

8. AIM AT A DISTINCT EXPERIENCE OF CONVERSION IN YOUR CHILDREN. There is a line that divides the righteous from the wicked. There is a moment when human beings, adults or children, cease to be the servants of the devil, and become the children of God. That line and that moment may be approached so gradually as to be crossed almost imperceptibly, the experience of the moment not differing so remarkably from that which has come before it as to make any marked impression on the soul. But with God's own servants and children the line is crossed, and the moment is experienced, when their hearts are regenerated and their characters changed; when they pass from darkness to light, from death to life, from being under the power of Satan to being under the power, protection, and blessing of

God. In other words, they are saved. Now, you must aim at that distinct experience for your children. You must explain to them its nature and necessity. You must pray for it separately and together. You must lead them to expect it at the meetings or alone; and you will have the high privilege of knowing that it has taken place, and of hearing them testify to the fact.

MAKE THEM STRONG.

9. YOU MUST DO ALL THAT IN YOU LIES TO PROMOTE THEIR PHYSICAL HEALTH. Whether they shall be feeble, nervous creatures, or strong and vigorous as men and women, depends very much on your treatment of them in childhood.

What a mercy it is for Salvation fathers and mothers that the plainest and cheapest foods, and the simplest clothes, should be the best! That fresh air, and exercise, and sleep, should cost nothing! That soap and water should be within the reach of all, or nearly all; and that all these things, taken together, should be calculated to make strong and healthy bodies!

LET THEIR EDUCATION BE SIMPLE.

10. YOU MUST DO ALL YOU CAN FOR THE MINDS OF YOUR CHILDREN. You want to make them wise and thoughtful. They will be men and women soon. You won't want to be the parents of fools and failures, but of wise men and women. Act accordingly. However poor and humble you may be, simple education is within your reach. See that your children get it.

Interest yourself in what your children learn. Find out whether they are doing their best. Stimulate and encourage, and, if you can, assist them.

11. DO WHAT YOU CAN TO MAKE YOUR CHILDREN TRUTHFUL, HONEST, HONORABLE, AND GENEROUS.

12. STRIVE TO MAKE YOUR CHILDREN INDUSTRIOUS. I have already said encourage them to work at their lessons. Give them some work apart from their books that they can perceive is of some value.

13. MAKE YOUR CHILDREN JUDICIOUS. Encourage them to look forward to being Corps-Cadets. Regularly see the Junior Sergeant, and enquire as to their conduct at the Company meetings, and as to the progress they are making.

14. RELY ON THE HOLY SPIRIT TO BLESS ALL YOUR EFFORTS. He will rejoice to help you, for is not the purpose of salvation alike to you and your children?

FATHERS, TAKE NOTE!

15. BOTH PARENTS MUST UNITE IN THESE DUTIES. They will not both do the same thing, but father must do his share, and mother must do hers, and one must strengthen the other. It is not uncommon, I am afraid, for many fathers to leave the weight of the obligation, especially in childhood, on the mother. This is not right.

16. YOU MUST PERSEVERE. Perhaps no task undertaken by the people of God calls for more patience and endurance than that of making children into saints and soldiers of Jesus Christ; and perhaps no reward can compare, in satisfaction and gladness, with that which comes to the mothers and fathers who succeed.

(To be continued.)

It won't do any good to pray for the South Sea Islander so long as you won't speak to the man who lives in the next house.

The Campaign Continues Successfully at the Temple—The Crowds are Keeping Up—Results Very Encouraging.

TUESDAY.
Subject :
The Coming Nation.

audience only one was converted after he was sixty years of age, three between the ages of forty and fifty, four between thirty, and twenty, twenty-one and twenty-two, twenty-one and thirty, and one hundred and six under twenty-one years of age. Of the remaining number many expressed a desire to be saved, and SIX GOOD CASES OF CONVERSION were recorded. One man had just come from the prison that morning, and another was at one time a good soldier and bandman in our ranks. We welcome the Colonel's statement that God has no favorites, and that no man's presence or power could bring about such marvellous results.—Eugene Whitteker.

WEDNESDAY.
Subject:
White Seventy

It was a "dirty" night, as far as the weather was concerned, but, nevertheless, a very fair crowd gathered, and we had a splendid meeting, resulting in two souls seeking mercy. Adjt. Frank Morris sang a solo, and the Colonel's reading was quite equal to the others he has given. It was pleasing to see the evident interest taken by all in the proceedings, and we trust that this will continue to the close of the campaign.—G. A.

THURSDAY.
Subject:
White Beauty

The answering of questions sent up by the people in the audience is becoming quite a feature of each meeting. The Colonel's answers are convincing and to the point.

The subject was "White Beauty," and the address was such as could not fail to fill the hearts of the listeners with strong desire to possess that whiteness of character and soul which alone will ensure an entrance into the realms of light. Four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat at the close.—Euslish Easton.

FRIDAY.
Subject:
White Light.

The interest is keeping up, as can readily be seen by the audience, which was certainly large for a Friday night. The meeting was on the subject of holiness, and the speakers of the evening, Adjt. Attwell and Major Smeeton, kept within the line of that topic.

Staff-Capt. Morris introduced a new song, and Staff-Capt. Croighton also sang a solo. The questions sent to the platform were answered in the original manner of the Chief Secretary.

The colonel closed with a sound holiness talk, and we rejoiced over two

SATURDAY.
Subject:
White Soldiers.

"White Soldiers" had been announced as the subject of the meeting. If the course of Major Turner's address he touched on the secrets of modern progress by way of illustrating that "on the contrary though common sense would have it that the more we know of our hearts and our lives will be purer," was the Major's comment on "For a while (man) flunketh in his heart so is he." The meeting was not without its results. First came a backslider who but three weeks ago had become discouraged. He came to the meeting and was enabled to conquer through the blood. Two seekers were added to the already long list of captives.—115

SUNDAY'S FIGHT.
—
A Triumphant Day.

The King's Household Troops, better known as the "White Seventy," were commanded by Colonel Jacobs, Chief Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief. They were ordered to march from the barracks at Fort Mifflin, where they had been quartered for several days, to the front of the British camp, Saturday, Jan. 27th. During the week Apollon's troops had been conducting a series of operations which had won them several important and well-fortified positions, namely, self-love, indifference, laziness, and sundry other of the kind.

The "White Seventy," in addition, had been throwing up trenches, known as zeal, desperation, and faithfulness. The King's troops, however, were sent to the point of glory, had been bringing across the barren desert of spiritual weakness, abundant supplies of grace, and the fruits of heaven, such as peace, properties, that plenty of spiritual ammunition, so that under the leadership of so shrewd a fighter as Colonel Jacobs, they would have secured a brilliant victory, was expected.

Bugle Call.

At the early hour of 7 a.m., Sunday the bugles sounded, "Prepare for action!" By 10:35 all was in order. The troops were immediately marched forward, the band taking the lead, playing a well-known air. At 10:40, a heavy cannonade commenced on Yonge and Queen. It seemed to stagger the enemy for a time, but they were not deterred, and hearing and replied with their famous "Long Tom," better known as *Indifference*. This gun was supported by smaller arms, commonly called pride, conceit, selfishness with sunny other weapons. But gradually, under strong fire, our King's troops gained the upper hand, not only withering their opposition thereby, but finally capturing several prisoners.

A Desperate Dash

At 2:30 a charge was ordered. They with fixed bayonets the seventy made a desperate dash up the steep slopes of the kopjes, succeeding in causing the enemy serious loss. Thus completely surprised, they were filled with consternation. On the other hand the

One of the shots that greatly staggered them was fired by the Colonel himself. With his gun charged with that utterance of Ezekiel, speaking of "the bones being dry," he said, in substance, that there were dry bones in Toronto, viz., lukewarm sinners, "neither hot nor cold," and that lukewarm water was only good to make people vomit, thus lukewarm Christians only cause true saints to shudder, and even made sinners sick of coming in contact with such half-hearted religionists.

"Ghosts !"

The delusive battle, though, had been expiated to take place at 7 p.m., as by the preceding battles Apollon's army had been greatly weakened. Apollo himself was to be tried, judged and sentenced to have even greater pains inflicted than Lydippe herself. The name of this was called "Ghosts," on account of its supposed supernatural power. A ghost was, it was assured, and such it was. One of the questions asked was that it was not at all a question of whether there was any truth in sorcery or witchcraft, but whether or not it was decided to act against it. It was decided to see. The Colonel had never seen a ghost—they did not seem to like him. Although he had stayed more than a month in the haunted houses, the spirits of the night had not interfered with their company. The only ghost that he believed in was mentioned in Ecce, c. 20, hearing parties of the night, the verse, "And that which is with voice that followeth us." It was that voice that followed us everywhere, reminding us of our obligations to God, continually.

Nothing could surpass the confusion, distress, and death, when this and other explosives burst upon the enemy. First, there was a great panic and then hundreds bid a hasty retreat while others were captured, thus bringing to a close the day's glorious fight with the surrender of seventeen prisoners.

MONDAY NIGHT
Subject:
White Life.

"My soul is now united
To Christ, the Living Vine."

although an old song in the Army seemed to have a special fitness for the numerous converts present that night. They sang it with a heartiness that warmed the spirit of every person interested in soul-saving work. Their testimonies, too, that followed, gave ample evidence of the good work accomplished during the previous week. It would not have been difficult to have had a real lively experience meeting for an hour or so, but the Colonel was announced to give a talk on "Social purity," and the time was cheerfully given to him.

Without any introduction, he began at once by saying that there was a high purity, outward purity and inward purity. "There was outward impurity and inward impurity. "The outward and inward impurity of the present day," he said, "threaten to overthrow the individualism which is the Christian religion." Then followed at some length a vivid description of the evil and ruin which follow in the wake of the theatre, the ball-room, the parlor, the dance, the night-club, and the amusements. The light, trashy literature so prevalent to-day is one of the greatest curses we have to deal with. Nothing is so calculated to wring the mind and soul of the young man and woman of life than the cheap fiction and irresponsible newspapers of the present day. No man or woman can retain a pure spirit and follow such a course. "I have said as much as I can for right and wrong of all these things," he said. "Can I ask God's blessing upon them?" Continuing, the Colonel said: "Another of the greatest sins and curses of the present day is the lack of dress. Dressing in good and becoming attire is a duty and a privilege. Dressing in bad and undignified attire is a sin." The only way to be pure in heart and body is to be pure in dress. The first, to be made pure in heart and body, is to be pure in dress. A passionate appeal was given again and again to come and sought deliverance from the evil of the day.

6 THE WAR CRY.

WAR CRY MEETING.

THE LOST SHEEP.

(COMPILED BY E. W.)

(This page is arranged to take the place of a Service of Song. The officer in charge could announce a special War Cry meeting when, say, 3 cts. admission is charged, and a War Cry given to each one who attends the meeting. The officers could appoint the various readings, solos, recitations, etc., to suitable soldiers, Juniors, or Auxiliaries, and close with the reading of Mrs. Booth's appeal to sinners. If this page proves useful, we will repeat it from time to time, with suitable subjects.—Ed.)



OPENING SONG.—No. 27, "Return, oh, wanderer, return."

PRAYER.

SOLO.

Tune.—In tenderness He sought me. In tenderness He sought me. Weary and sick with sin. And on His shoulders brought me. Back to His fold again. While angels in His presence sang. Until the courts of heaven rang.

Chorus.

Oh, the love that sought me. Oh, the blood that bought me. Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold. Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold.

He washed the bleeding sin-wounds. And poured in oil and wine. He whispered to assure me. "I've found thee; thou art Mine." I never heard a sweeter voice. It made my aching heart rejoice.

He pointed to the nail-prints. For me His blood was shed; A mocking crown, so thorny. Was placed upon His head; I wondered what He saw in me To suffer such de p'agony.

I'm sitting in His presence. The sunshine of His face While with adoring wonder His blessings I receive. It seems as if eternal days Are far too short to sound His praise.

So while the hours are passing. All now is perfect rest. I'm waiting for the morning. The brightest of the best. When He will call us to His side. To be with Him His spotless bride.

BIBLE READING.

Luke xv. 1-10.

RECITATION.

Dat LITTLE Black Sheep.

Let me tell you about one little black sheep As got los' in de wadder an' rain. An' de Shepherd call out to Him sheepsfold boy. "Go an' bring home dat sheep agen!" But de boy didn't like it, an' ses, "Shepherd, please, Dat sheep is too black an' bad." Den de Shepherd look vex, as of dat black sheep. Was de only one Him did have.

So de Shepherd ses, ses He, "You mus' go. As de wadder is wet an' cold. An' dat little black sheep is punished, for true. So far away from de fold." But de sheepsfold boy, as him turn to go. Ses, "Dat sheep is measure an' small; You tink too much of dat little black sheep. An' love him mor' dan dem all."

Den de Shepherd ses, ses He, "Hurry up. An' bring dat sheep to de fold: You tin shear him so close his shear— in-day. I's afraid him will tek in cold." But de sheep-boy vex, and speak down him treat.

"Dat sheep is a wurless drone!" Den de Shepherd ses, "I want dat sheep 'Longside o' Me round de Troun'."

Den de sheep-boy ses, "O Shepherd, please. We's counted ninety an' mine." But de Shepherd ses, "You ole fox-mouth. I want dat black sheep o' Mine!" An' He sen him out agen to look. But him visit a fren instead:

An' after supper, he sed, "I'd be glad Ef dat little black sheep was do!"

So at las' de Shepherd went out Himself. Tru de dark an' de cold rain, too: An' Him find de black sheep well stuck in de mud:

Ses He, "I was lookin' fer you!" An' Him lif him up, an' bring him back. Right into de fold did He: Don't say I dunno how de little sheep felt.

'Cause dat little black sheep was me!

SONG.

I will sing the wondrous story Of the Christ Who died for me: How He left His home in Glory For the cross on Calvary.

Chorus.

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story Of the Christ Who died for me. Sing it with the saints in Glory. Gathered by the crystal sea.

I was lost, but Jesus found me. Found the sheep that went astray. Threw His loving arms around me. Drew me back into His way.

I was bruised, but Jesus healed me. Faint was I from many a fall. Sight was gone and fears possessed me. But He freed me from them all.

Days of darkness still come o'er me: Sorrow's paths I often tread: But the Saviour still is with me. By His hand I'm safely led.

He will keep me till the river Rolls its waters at my feet: Then He'll bear me safely over. Where the loved ones I shall meet.

READING.

A Great Man's Opinion.

"The incarnation of the Son of God was a gilding of Himself to go after His lost sheep. His whole life upon earth, His entire walk in the flesh, was a following of the strayed one: for this was the very purpose of His coming, namely, 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' And He sought His own 'till He found it.' He was

not weary with the greatness of the way; He strunk not when the thorns wounded His flesh, and tore His feet. He followed us into the deep of our misery: for He had come forth to seek His own 'till He had found it, and would not pause till then. And having found, how tenderly does He handle that sheep which has cost Him all this labor and fatigue! He does not punish it: He does not smite, nor even harshly drive it back to the fold: nay, He does not deliver it to a servant, but He lays it upon His own shoulders, and Himself carries it, till He brings it to the fold: and then there is joy in the presence of the angels of God."

CHORUS.

"Joy, joy, joy, there is joy in the presence of the angels! Joy, joy, joy, o'er the prodigal's return!"

READING.

Irish Nora.

Many instances might be given where those who seemed hopelessly lost have been sought after by the tender Shepherd, and brought into the fold. The following are a few true cases:

"Nora was an Irish girl, and a Roman Catholic. Her father, a blacksmith, was always so drunk that, but for an uncle's kindness, Nora and her mother would have had no home to cover their heads. As it was this Irish lassie had to go out to earn her own living when fourteen, and was for many years in Cork, a respectable servant girl. She came to England, and that was the beginning of her downfall. A married sister persuaded her to come over, tempted by the thought of the high wages and the chance of seeing wonderful London, where she thought everything would be her fortune.

So over she came, and was soon in service as a housemaid. Then she found out how terribly her sister drank. When the monthly holiday came round Harriet was always waiting for her, and the first place they visited was invariably a saloon.

Little by little Nora learned to love the cup that at last bites like a serpent, and, losing place after place, she was at last reduced to despair and shame, and, with Irish impulsiveness, determined to end her misery in the river. Creeping along in the shadows, on her way to Regent's Park Canal to fling herself in, and, as she thought, end it all, she heard singing, and saw a crowd.

The Great Western corps was having its open-air meeting in the Park. How little they thought who had been attracted by their earnestness, and that a would-be suicide was listening to their words!

Presently a young woman stepped into the ring, saying, "If you die in your sins you will go to hell!" and began pleading with the sinners to turn to Jesus.

Feeling as if the hell spoken about were opening beneath her feet, and realizing that "after death comes the judgment," she rushed up to the officer, crying out, "Oh, save me! I'm so wicked!" and kneeling in the ring amidst the praying and rejoicing soldiers, Nora determined by the help of God, to give up her terrible drinking habits.

That was over six years ago, and she stands today a monument of God's saving power. On one occasion a Bible was presented to her, and on being asked if there was any text that had helped her more than another, which she would like written under her name, she replied quickly, "Oh, yes; write Psalm 116: 8, 9: 'For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.'"

SONG.

Tune—"He pardoned a rebel." B.B. 72; S.M., H. 13.

I heard of a Saviour Whose love was so great That He laid down His life on a tree; The thorns they were pierced in His beautiful brow. To pardon a rebel like me.

Chorus.

He pardoned a rebel like me, like me (repeat). The thorns they were pierced in His beautiful brow. To pardon a rebel like me.

Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard heart. And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee; And I know when I came He did not cast me out. But He pardoned a rebel like me.

Oh, 'tis true, for poor sinners of all kinds He saves. And you He will not cast away; He waits in His mercy sweet peace to bestow. So come to the fountain to-day.

READING.

A Klondike Story.

"Is this the Salvation Army? Will you take care of me? I have nowhere to go. I don't know what to do." These were the words of a man who rushed off the street into a Salvation Army meeting at the Klondike one Sunday afternoon this winter. His face was the picture of agony. It could be clearly seen that he was on the border of delirium tremens. The seriousness of the case can be understood when we say that the thermometer was registering between forty and fifty degrees below zero. The man's money was gone, a desperate matter in this region—he had no friends, and was very scantily clad. Still worse, he was all but paralyzed with liquor."

At the conclusion of the meeting he was accompanied by one of the officers to the Army Shelter, where his grimy person was washed, and, after a cup of strong coffee, he was put to bed. He slept soundly until about eleven next morning, but, while the officer's eye was off him for a few moments, he disappeared! The rest can be imagined. No trace of him could they get, until the end of the second day, when he stepped into the Shelter. His case appeared grave enough the day he first made himself known—now he was much worse. His face was cut up in the most frightful manner, and both eyes were blackened. It is hardly possible for anyone to picture a worse specimen of humanity than this poor fellow presented.

He was suitably dealt with for his previous doings, and he promised, if but given a chance again, that he would redeem himself. He was again made decent and put to bed. He was so lacerated as not to be able to stir out of doors for a couple of days. When his face healed sufficiently to make it safe for him to be in the frost he eagerly seized a saw which was offered him, and worked as hard as his physical condition would allow. He was kept at work some time in the wood-yard, and one night, to the joy of all, this wanderer came back to the fold, and got truly saved, as was afterwards proved by his consistent life."

SONG.

Tune.—Just tell them that you saw me.

'Twas in an Army barracks in a distant Western town. The meeting there one night had just begun.

When in came a poor drunkard who by sin had been brought down. Thinking, perhaps, that he might have some fun. But as he heard of Jesus' love and pardon free for all.

He sought it, and the wanderer ceased to roam. And going to his room that night, his heart all filled with joy.

He sent a message to the folks at home.

Chorus.

Just tell my dear old mother that my wandering days are o'er.

Tell her that my sins are all forgiven.

Tell her that if we should chance on earth to meet no more.

Her prayers are answered, and we'll meet in heaven.

His mother got the letter as she lay at death's dark door. That told her of her boy so far away;

Chorus.

ardoned a rebel like me, like me (repeat).
borns they were pierced in His
beautiful brow,
pardon a rebel like me.

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SONG.

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Chorus.

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o meet no more,
s are answered, and we'll
heaven.

for the letter as she lay
s dark door,
her of her boy so far

How his sins they were forgiven,
and his wandering days were
o'er,
And that his feet were on the nar-
row way;
Her heart was filled with gladness as
it had not been for years.
Her dear old face was all lit up
with joy,
And on her dying pillow she said amid
her tears,
God bless and keep my precious,
darling boy.

Your mother prayed for you, friend,
for many and many a day.
Perhaps her days on earth will soon
be o'er;
Come, give your heart to Jesus and
get on the narrow way,
And meet her on the bright and
golden shore.
Oh, come just now and cheer her
heart while yet in life she lives.
The Saviour pleads, oh, do not long-
er roam;
And then with Jesus in your heart
you'll send a letter off
To your mother praying still for you
at home.

RECITATION.

The Lost Sheep.

Out in the darkness, the rain, and the
cold,
Wandered a woman, dejected and old,
Sin's fearful penalty marring her face.
God's precious handiwork robbed of
its grace.

Wearily plodding along the dark
street,
Stamping to warm the slow blood in
her feet;
Cursing and walling, "I wish I were
dead!"
While the cruel wind tossed the wet
hair on her head.

Hush! in the dark, by the wind borne
along,
Fleats the sweet words of an old-
fashioned song:
"But none of the ransomed ever knew
How dark was the night the Lord
passed through."

She has forgotten the cold and the
rain,
She only hears, in her sorrow and
pain—
"Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

Hungry and frozen she falls in the
street,
While the tears flow down her stu-
pefied cheek;
Faintly she whispers, "Christ, it is I.
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

"Long have I traveled the broad way
of sin;
I am not worthy Thy favor to win,
But I'm the lost one. God hear my
cry,
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."
Down to the earth fell her weary old
head,
And in the morning they found her
there—dead;
But the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back
His own!"

SONG.

The Ninety and Nine.

There were ninety and nine that safe-
ly lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away.
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains, wild and
bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.
"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety
and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer, "This
of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and
steep,
I go to the mountains to find My
sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters He
crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through.
Ere He found His sheep that was
lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops
all the way?
That mark out the mountain's
track?"
"They were shed for one who had
gone astray.
Ere the Shepherd could bring him
back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
and torn?"
"They were pierced to-night by many
a thorn."

But all through the mountainous thun-
der-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of hea-
ven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back
His own!"

READING.

Cloverton's Story.

If ever a fellow was born with a
silver spoon in his mouth, it was
Cloverton. Evidently, also, that was
his curse.

His father was a wealthy city gen-
tleman, and the boy was brought up
as befitting his station in life. At six-
teen the services of his private tutor
were dispensed with, and he was sent
to college to complete his education.

Visits to the Continent, with a
cheque for £50 from "the Dad," were
hardly likely to improve his morals
or assist in preparing him for the
steady grind of a mercantile or pro-
fessional life.

Completing his college course, Clov-
erton hung about town, quite unable
to decide what business or profession
to enter. At this juncture his father
died and left him a considerable for-
tune.

Then he went the pace. Devotee
of the turf, he was decoyed by "book-
ies." A gambler, he was cheated by
his so-called friends. At every turn
the wolves fell upon him, and left but
the bones of his fortune.

The absence of parental restraint,
and a do-nothing life, had completely
undermined his character, and left
him without moral strength, an easy
prey to wicked men and designing
women.

One fine morning Cloverton discov-
ered, much to his bewilderment, that
he had been living beyond his means,
and that his capital was rapidly
melting away.

He had an idea that his
money ought to have multiplied itself,
like the miraculous loaves and fishes,
and he was rather hurt when it was
not so.

Pursuing a situation in order to
supplement his now slender income,
he entered upon the life of a city
clerk.

Imagine, if you can, a glided, ex-
quisite manager of a city house, and
prospective junior partner, living a
gay life, maintaining a horse, trap,
and liveried servant on the princely
sum of £2 10s. a week!

It was, of course, supposed by the
heads of the firm that Cloverton had
means. In point of fact, however,
apart from his salary, he was entirely
dependent upon his relatives. His
fortune had faded away.

Head over heels in debt, and dunned
by his creditors from day to day,
Cloverton at last yielded to tempta-
tion, and to the suggestions of two
companions in the same house, much
less scrupulous than himself. Quiet-
ing his conscience by the thought that
he was only borrowing, and would as-
suredly repay, he committed his first
theft, and sharing the spoils with his
"chummates," he falsified his books so
cleverly that he was not discovered.

Once started down hill, Cloverton
had no difficulty in continuing his de-
ceit. Growing bolder with each suc-
cess, he helped himself to his em-
ployers' cash as his own needs became
more pressing, covering each guilty
act by a false entry.

Cloverton's defalcations were spread
over several years, and during this
time he was not without serious mis-
givings. He felt that eventually his
sin would find him out, and he be-
came nervous and agitated. Finally,
he could stand the strain no longer,
and determined to throw up his sit-
uation.

Notwithstanding the fact that he
had been robbing his employers right
and left, he passed out of the count-

ing-house with a splendid reference in
his pocket, and a promise that, should
he be dissatisfied with the position to
which he was going, he could return
at any time.

It was not, however, such an easy
matter for Cloverton to wash his
hands of this siltier business. His
crimes had not stopped at fleching the
funds of the firm by whom he was
employed. He became intimate with
a woman who represented herself to
be the daughter of a clergyman, and
secured her a position in the same
house as himself.

In a burst of confidence he told her
how hopelessly he was compromised,
and then put himself completely into
her hands. She was not slow to take
advantage of this knowledge, and
blackmailed him to the fullest possi-
ble extent.

Cloverton made another struggle for
liberty, and attempted to get out of
the woman's wiles by deserting her.
He was too late, she had already be-
trayed him.

Holidaying in the West of England,
Cloverton was scarcely surprised, on
returning from a visit to "The Moun-
tains," to find a gentleman from Lon-
don waiting at the station, a gentle-
man who introduced himself with the
significant remark, "I am glad to
see you." Cloverton was not quite
prepared to return the courteous sal-
utation.

The curtain ran down at a some-
what celebrated court in the city, the
case coming before Sir P.—B. of
Cloverton pleaded guilty, his counsel
begged for leniency on the ground of
his client's first offence, to which, also,
was added the entreaties of the senior
member of the firm which had been
victimized. With the words, "I will
be merciful," on his lips, Sir P.—
B. sentenced the prisoner to seven years'
penal servitude, and Cloverton was
led away to alone for his misdeeds.

Of his prison life we cannot here
speak, but picture for yourself the
plight of a man brought up as Clov-
erton had been, when sent to work the
plank and perform other menial and
manual labor.

Released "on leave," he procured a
situation by strategy. Discovered by
a fellow-prisoner, also on leave, and
fearing a disclosure, he got the man
employed. Several articles mysteri-
ously disappeared from his boarding-
house, however, Cloverton, on his
guard, determined to ent his unweil-
come companion and abandon for
ever his own city ways. He, there-
fore, turned his steps in the direction
of the Salvation Army Prison Gate.
Home, became soundly converted, and
now fills an honorable and useful
position.

SONG.

Your Mother Still Prays for You, Jack.

The night was dark and stormy.
And the wind was howling wild,
As an angel mother gazed upon
The portrait of her child.
She gazed on the baby-features
That had once filled her heart with
joy.
He was now o'er the wide world roam-
ing,
That mother's long-lost boy.

Chorus.

Your mother still prays for you, Jack,
Your mother still prays for you,
In the home far away o'er the ocean,
Your mother still prays for you.

Far away from home and mother,
Far away in a foreign land,
Some comrade said, "Come along,
Jack,

Let's go, there's the Army band."
'Twas in a rough old barracks
Where the meeting had just begun,
But something stirred the wild Jack's
heart

As sweetly the soldiers sung:
His stout heart was broken,
He thought of his mother dear:
In spite of his comrade laughing
He could not keep back a tear.
In spite of fierce temptation
These words in his ears still rang.
He started for heaven that evening.
As sweetly the soldiers sang:

At last there came a letter,
It was deeply edged in black.
From a comrade long forgotten.
Who still remembered Jack.
"They have laid your poor old mother
In the grave, so dark and cold.
But she wants the lad that's roaming
To meet her on the streets of gold."

Second Chorus.

Your mother's last prayer was for
you, Jack,
Your mother's last prayer was for
you;
She wants the lad that's roaming,
To meet her on the streets of gold.

READING.

Almost Saved.

"You are almost saved, you are
awakened, you are aroused, you have
had many good desires; but a man
who is only almost saved
may be altogether damned.
There was a householder who
almost bolted his door at night,
but the thief came in; a prisoner was
condemned and almost pardoned, but
he hanged on the gallows; a ship
was almost saved from wreck, but
she went to the bottom with all hands
on board; a fire was almost ex-
tinguished, but it consumed a city,
and a man almost decided to be
saved, remains to perish."

Two young girls were sitting in a
Salvation Army meeting in N.—B.—.
As the service went on they were con-
vinced of sin, and in the prayer meet-
ing were urged to give themselves to
God. One replied, "No, I cannot go
to-night. There is a ball over at C.—
on Wednesday night, and I want to
go to that; but next Sunday, I will
come and give myself to God." She
left the meeting unsaved. Wednes-
day night came. She went across the
ferry to C.—, and enjoyed the music
and whirl of the dance. Four o'clock
came, the dance ended, and the party
started for home. The ferry had
stopped running at eleven o'clock, so
they proceeded to row across the
water. All went well until they were
nearing home, when, by some means,
the boat capsized, and the occupants,
eight in number, were thrown into
the water. Then came the struggle
for life. This young girl went down
once, came up, went down twice, came
up again, and as she was going down
the third and last time, she threw up
her arms, and, with a loud shriek,
cried out, "My God, I'm lost."

SONG.

True.—After the Ball.

A child is kneeling by his mother's
chair,
Softly repeating sweet words of pray-
er:
"Dear, loving Jesus, gentle and mild,
Look down and bless me, Thy little
child."
Long kneels the mother praying that
night:
"God bless my treasure, guide him
aright!"
List to his story, weep o'er his fail-
Through his own folly, lost after all.

Chorus.

After the days of childhood, after a
mother's prayers,
After the years of manhood freighted
with joys and cares,
After a thousand chances, after the
final call—
Bitter the wall of a spirit lost after
all!

Changed is the picture, years have
quickly flown,
Sadly the mother waits all alone;
Waits for her darling—where does he
roam?
Has he forgotten mother and home?
Hark! there's a footstep—surely 'tis
he!

Ah! heaven help her!—what does she
see?
Inside he staggers, one groan, a fall!
Wrecked by the winecup—lost after
all!

Further and further from his mother's
God
Wanders he on sin's road so broad,
Till by the window one stormy night
He finds her waiting, lifeless and
white.

Vainly the Spirit strives for his soul,
Spurning his God he turns to the
bowl;
Angels in heaven weep o'er his fall,
Still unrepentant, lost after all!

Read the appeal of Mrs. Booth in
the unsaved, on page 2, and go to the
prayer meeting immediately after
by singing, "Depth of mercy can there
be."



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Editorial.

Miss Booth's Illness.

With deep regret the Commissioner was under compulsion to cancel her Toronto and Montreal engagements, and is much agitated over the widespread disappointment caused by it. But there cannot possibly be any blame fall to her lot, since an acute attack of bronchitis forced her to keep her bed for a week now. A cold, caught at London, might possibly have been cured had not the Brantford meetings and a severe spell of sharp weather deepened and developed the cold into severe bronchitis. No one regrets this unexpected illness, and the subsequent canceling of previous announcements, more than the Commissioner, but no sane person will find fault with the inevitable. We are pleased to announce the steady improvement of our esteemed leader, although it has not been as rapid as we expected last week.

ILLNESS OF COLONEL LAWLEY.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

Colonel Lawley, whose continued absence from the battle's front is a matter of concern to his comrades, is seriously ill. It was hoped and believed that the cause of his illness—acute inflammatory rheumatism—would, by this time, have been sufficiently removed to permit his leaving his bed. But he is still suffering, and very weak.

Some weeks ago, he went to Brighton, hoping the air there would help to speedily restore him. Mrs. Lawley is his constant nurse, and is wonderfully sustained, and the friends with whom he is staying are doing all in their power for our dear comrade. We ask for the believing prayers of the Colonel's comrades in all lands, for his complete recovery.

On Saturday night, as he alighted on the New Cross platform for his Sunday at the "Empire," the following characteristic telegram was handed the General: "Improvement continues. Severe agony left arm. Desire nothing better than be by your side quickly. I am believing in Jehovah's everlasting love.—Lawley."

May the dear Lord strengthen the Colonel's heart with a living and conquering faith, and may his voice soon be heard again, crying, "Now for the 11st!"

Montreal Special

HAD CONQUERING DAY AT MONTREAL 1. YESTERDAY (SUNDAY), ASSISTED BY MRS. PIGMIRE AND STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. BURDITE. GOD FELL UPON US IN POWER. EIGHT SEEKERS AT THE MERCY SEAT. BAND PLAYED DEAD MARCH IN HONOR OF OUR BELOVED DEPARTED QUEEN. ENSIGN AND MRS. WILLIAMS IN GOOD SPIRITS AND SOLDIERS FOUGHT WELL.—Brigadier Pigmire.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

Territorial Newslets.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read has had a slight attack of pneumonia, necessitating her absence from the front during the last two weeks. We assure Mrs. Read of our sympathy and prayers.

Staff-Capt. Archibald reports a number of conversions in the Central Prison, through personal dealing with the men in their cells.

Comrade Allen is to be congratulated on the excellent success he has rendered as usher during the Chief Secretary's late campaign at the Temple.

Adj. and Mrs. Patterson spent a few days at the Territorial Centre en route to their new appointments. They attended and took part in the White Crusade Campaign.

Our numbers are swelling at Skagway. Ensign Gooding recently enrolled five recruits. The weather is exceptionally cold at present in Skagway.

A special memorial service will be conducted at the Temple, by the Chief Secretary, on the day of the interment of our late Sovereign, Queen Victoria, Feb. 2nd.

Capt. Downey is being appointed to a command in Toronto. Yorkville

should rise under the Captain's leadership.

A baby-girl has arrived to gladden the hearts of our late Canadian comrades, Capt. and Mrs. Bearechell.

Brigadier Pugmire has had the grippe.

The French work is seeing more soul-saving results than for a long time.

Point St. Charles has been crippled by a poor barracks. A new building is being opened on the 30th, adequate to its needs.

One of the latest applications for the work is from a Methodist minister.

Black Sacks have "caught on." Donations and box collections are coming in well. One of the most pathetic donations came from an aged man on his death-bed.

A large number of "Local Officers" have been sent from England for canvassing purposes. Our Locals will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity to make acquaintance with their own periodical.

The first announcement of the Siege has been enthusiastically received by the Province.

HAMILTON'S SPECIALS

Major Turner and Staff Capt. Creighton were with us for the week-end. We had the Life-Boat service on Saturday night, which proved of much interest.

Sunday was started with some real earnest praying at knee-drill for the salvation of souls, and great was the rejoicing when we saw poor sinners kneeling at the feet of Jesus seeking pardon.

The council, on Monday afternoon led by the Major, was a time of blessing, when God met with us. Adj. Goolwin is farewelling. May God's richest blessing go with her.

BRIGADIER STREETON ILL

Brigadier Streehon has had another serious breakdown in health. The Brigadier arrived in San Francisco to take up his new work in connection with our Insurance Branch there, but was only able to remain in the city a few days, the climate bringing on his old trouble in a serious form. The Brigadier is now resting at Los Angeles.

Labor is life : from the inmost heart
of the work rises his God-given force
—the sacred celestial life-essence
breathed into him by Almighty God.
— Carlyle



GREAT BRITAIN.

The General has just conducted a triumphal campaign at New Cross—a suburb of London. Crowded houses were the order of the day, and 82 souls sought Christ.

The subject uppermost in the General's heart at present is the Field Officers' Councils. These Councils will be held at the following centres: Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow, and London.

The Social Gazettee Shm Fund is creeping toward £200. Help is urgently needed.

The Chief of the Staff sprained his wrist while trying to prevent a woman falling on the pavement of the city. The accident stopped his own correspondence for a day; then he turned to his left hand, resulting in a very creditable production.

The General recently visited the Portland Convict Prison, conducting a touching and memorable meeting with 400 convicts. At the close of the General's address the chaplain warmly eulogized the good work accomplished by the Salvation Army.

Soup kitchens have been started by several of our London corps during the cold weather.

Mrs. Booth addressed large gatherings in the Broadmead Chapel and the Bristol Citadel in the interests of the rescue work. Mrs. Booth was received most cordially by the pastor and church officials. Twenty-two souls sought mercy at night in the Citadel.

UNITED STATES.

The Consul, accompanied by Colonel Higgins, has just conducted a great campaign in the chief cities of Ohio. Social gatherings, soldiers' councils, and salvation demonstrations constituted the plan of campaign. Forty souls sought pardon and purity at Cincinnati.

Brigadier Chindler's farewell services at New York I. were well attended, and resulted in twenty-one souls.

We regret to hear that Brigadier Gifford is so seriously ill as to prevent him from leaving Philadelphia to take up his new appointment in New York City.

White Queen Victoria was still lingering on the borderline, and the nation was awaiting the final verdict in anxious suspense. Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker despatched the following message of sympathy and comfort to the royal mourners at the bedside at Osborne:

"His Royal Highness, The Prince of Wales:

"On behalf of the American Salvationists we assure your Royal Highness and members of the Royal Family of our profoundest sympathy and prayers."

The Commander immediately received the following reply:

"Commander Booth-Tucker, New York:

"The Prince of Wales thanks the American Salvationists for telegram of sympathy."

INDIA.

Our comrades in India have just concluded their Self-Denial Campaign—truly an object-lesson for those who are more favored.

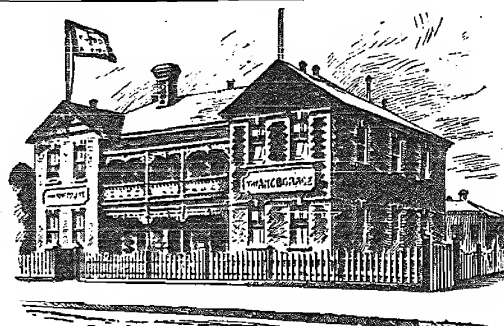
Famine conditions still continue in some parts of India, making it necessary for the Government to continue their relief works.

The latest advance in the Punjab Territory is the opening of a Boarding School for the children of our officers.

Much cholera and fever abound in Central India and the Punjab. Several officers have succumbed to it.

AUSTRALASIA.

The funeral of the late Major Dinnert was conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and was most impressive.



The New Australian Prison Gate Home in Victoria.

The procession was an imposing spectacle.

The Indian boys now touring New Zealand are creating much sympathy for the Indians starving. Substantial help is being received for the Famine Fund.

HOLLAND.

Colonel Cosander, the Chief Secretary for Holland, states in a recent letter that the closing days of the nineteenth century, and the opening of the twentieth, were fixed for the Week of Reconciliation for Holland and Belgium, and although it was impossible to calculate the results of the effort as a whole, glorious things had reached them from several corps in or near Amsterdam of backsliders having been restored, and of others seeking the blessing of haleness, amongst whom several definitely consecrated themselves to the war.

The Amsterdam I. corps, which is worked by the Men's Training Home, reports during the last several days fifteen souls for pardon and sanctification. Thirty-four souls have come out in Dordrecht during the same period, a real revival having commenced in this provincial town.

A special point of the Watch-night service was made throughout the territory. Commissioner Booth-Chibori and the Marechal leading the service at Rotterdam: a big crowd assembled, and a powerful meeting was

held. Mrs. Colonel Cosander and the Colonel led the Watch-night in the "Crede," Amsterdam, which was filled, and twenty-four souls came forward. The spirit of blood-and-fire daring, and of soul-saving, is felt in a greater measure than ever before in our ranks.

WEST INDIES.

The Territorial commander has issued a call to arms for 1901, and if the program outline is realized, our work in the West Indies will make a brilliant showing at the close of the year.

Over fifty souls came forward in a series of special meetings conducted by Staff-Capt. Tucker in Barbadoes at Christmas.

The "Jamaican Blues," a staunch supporter of the Army's work, has recently published several well-written and appreciative reviews of our operations, social and spiritual, in different parts of the world.

Brigadier Gale, the T. C., has just concluded a tour in Jamaica, the results of which are most gratifying.

Proposals are on foot for the extension of the Army's trading operations in the West Indies.

Capt. Ashman, writing from Johannesburg, reports several new captures among the military, who are being made into Leaguers. The Captain also speaks casually of the very high prices prevailing. Says he, "I have just managed to get two eggs, a bit of bread, and a cup of tea for dinner—price 4s. 6d."

In spite of most overwhelming difficulties, owing to the ravages of the war, Commissioner Kilbey and his brave officers continue not only to keep the existing Salvation agencies going, but to launch out in new directions. Adjacent to the Amsterdam Battery, Cape Town, is a plot of Government ground which has been leased to the Salvation Army, and transformed into a labor yard, with work-shops, wood-sheds, stables, and offices. It is an "elevator" in the truest sense of the word, and has already become a veritable hive of industry for the class of men which, unhappily, is so largely represented in the metropolis of South Africa at the present moment. Wood-chop, plug and paper-sorting, therefore, have a large portion of the elevator set apart for them, while mattress-making and carpentering sections are introduced for those who have a desire to gain a knowledge of those trades. Staff-Capt. King, the Superintendent, has purchased a large quantity of lumber from the municipality, and several sheds are already packed with tons of chopped wood, ready to deliver to business folk and householders. "The Cape Argus," in dealing with the new yard in its leading article, urges the public to lend their support, and adds: "Later on the Labor Yard may prove the solution of one of the most difficult problems in connection with the relief of the poor, not only in Cape Town, but throughout South Africa, and the experiment deserves success."

Ensign Saul, who is working among the Zulus in South Africa, writes to say that a chapter of accidents has lately occurred to him and his soldiers. They have been visited by swarms of locusts, and although they fought these pests by every means in their power for four days, the locusts, by reason of their numbers, defied all opposition, and swept everything before them. This means that the labor of months, the seed for which he had to scrape and scrawl, and the cash spent on the fencing, has all been wasted in the useless attempt to raise a crop. In addition to this disease broke out among his poultry, and many of his best birds died, whilst the final calamity came in the bursting of the tank and the loss of their four hundred gallons of water—a serious item in such a climate.

JAPAN.

Our Japanese comrades have had a very satisfactory rush to their soul-saving and soldier-making campaign. A special meeting was conducted by Colonel Balford in a large Tokyo church, into which an audience of eight hundred crowded. Twenty soldiers were enrolled, and the meeting closed with thirty penitents—eighteen for salvation, and twelve for consecration.

Mrs. Ensign Robson (formerly Adj. Helen Clarke), of Japan, has had a very narrow escape from drowning. She had gone to Molt for the purpose of collecting for the District Funds, and in going out to a ship her small boat was capsized by a steep launch. Mrs. Robson was some time under water; but, fortunately, on coming up she was caught by the boatman, who held her in one arm and managed to grasp the gangway of the ship with the other hand. She was quickly rescued and taken on board, where the officers were very kind to her.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey is particularly busy with Women's Social affairs in Cape Town, and has reluctantly to turn away many a deserving case that might have been assisted had we the accommodation. There is evidently as much need for a Women's Metropole as a Man's just now, judging from the many calls that are made upon her to aid destitute women.

Lord, let me have anything but Thy crown, and anything with Thy snuff.

A flower will have something sweet to say to you, no matter where you put it.

There is no use in praying for God to open the windows until you bring all the tithes into the storehouse.

The Test of Sincerity.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than one white lovely action; and that while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility of generous emotions are accidents of life, permanent goodness is an achievement and a quality of the life. "Fine words," says one homely old proverb, "batter no parsnips," and if the question be how to render those vegetables palatable, an ounce of butter would be worth more than all the orations of Cicero. The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge 'twixt man and man, but by a beautiful angle, what erstwhile bore the image and superscription of God.—J. Russell Lowell.

SPECIALS.

Staff Capt. Creigh for the week-end boat service on Saturday proved of much

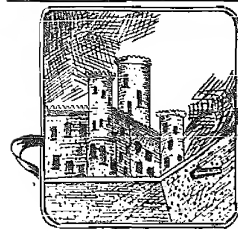
ted with some real, knee-drill for the and great was the saw poor sinners of Jesus seeking

Monday afternoon, as a time of blessing with us. Adj. calling, May God's with her.

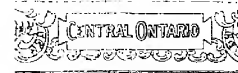
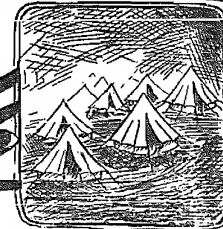
BRETON ILL.

has had another in health. The San Francisco to work in connection Branch there, but remain in the city inmate bringing on serious form. The resting at Los An-

in the inmost heart is God-given force and life-essence by Almighty God.



FROM FORTS AND OUTPOSTS



Bowmanville.

The Bowmanville soldiers are all praising God for the many victories won. Even poor old Lazarus is not forgotten. Sister Murley will see to that. Keep your eye on this part of the battlefield.—The old man.

Owen Sound.

Sunday we had a high day in Zion. Many souls were convicted, and four knelt at the Cross. Adjt. Ogilvie is a proper Blood-and-Fire warrior. Though you do not hear from us very often, yet we are alive for God, and Satan's power shall fall. Owen Sound comrades are all right, and Captain Stephens is in good spirits.—J. McEunann, Capt.

Gravenhurst.

God has been working in our midst and souls are being saved. Hallelujah! We had a visit from Staff-Capt. Stanton, accompanied by Adjt. Bale and several of the Blood-and-Fire comrades. We had a good crowd, and everything went lovely. After the meeting pie was served, and everyone looked as though they enjoyed it. I did, at any rate. We all say, "Come again, Staff-Captain."—From one who was there.

Lindsay.

Our dear sister, Mrs. Mosley, has been promoted to Glory. Saturday, Jan. 10th, a beautiful funeral service was conducted by Capt. Redburn, of Millbrook, on which occasion the barracks were crowded. Six sisters were chosen for pall-bearers. We marched from the barracks to the cemetery. At the graveside the pall-bearers sang "Jesus, Love of my soul," and our sister was laid to rest. We are having times of revival here. Nine souls knelt at the Mercy Seat last week. Praise God! We are pressing on to victory. The soldiers of Lindsay corps are all right.—R. G.

Bucksville.

We are glad to report the joy and refreshment brought us through Staff-Capt. Simpson's visit. Two days, in which souls were impressed, pleaded with, and the corps benefited, for although none yielded, yet seed was undoubtedly sown that will yield a plentiful harvest in the near future. One drawback to greater success was a terrible Muskoka blizzard, that kept the crowd indoors. But, as the sainted John Wesley said, though circumstances were against us, yet "the best of all is God is with us." Last Sunday two lads, who were backsliders, gave themselves to God, and one other, in the holiness meeting, sought power to pay his vows to God and live holy. We're moving on, and although the devil has been raging, God gives us the victory.—J. H. J. S. S. M.

Lisgar Street.

Adjt. Searr has farewelled from Lisgar St., after over a year's faithful work for the Master. She has been a great help to the soldiers, and has led many sinners and backsliders back to God. The Adjutant's labors have been untiring, in fact her devotion to the cause and the anxiety for the welfare of her soldiers and the salvation of sinners has inspired her health so much that now she is going on furlough for a short time. May God bless and restore her speedily. As a final send-off the Adjutant conducted a band festival, which was attended by a splendid crowd. Capt. Parker, Bros. Hart and Scott and others soloed and spoke words of affection and

cheer to our departing comrade. We are going in to help Ensign Sims and his dear wife to roll the old chariot along. Our Sunday evening's meeting, led by Adjt. Burrows, was a red-hot, soul-saving time. Three souls sought salvation, two signifying their intention of becoming soldiers.—S. McFarland, R. C.



Cobourg.

Since last report two precious souls have been to the Cross. Wednesday night we had with us Captain Wilson, of Fort Hope. You can rest assured we had a good time.—Iuth Crego.

Prescott.

Staff-Capt. Burditt was with us for a meeting. He gave a red-hot salvation address on "Only a step," and led a rousing testimony meeting. We had a good crowd, good collection, and succeeded in capturing three souls. The universal cry is, "Come again, Staff-Captain."—A. L. B.



Brigadier and Mrs. Scott and Family.

Our old Canadian comrades are going to take charge of Fort Aulic Farm Colony.

Ondenburg.

We have just had a visit from our Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Burditt. The Staff-Captain gave a thrilling account of the work in India. A good crowd was present and seemed pleased with the meeting. We all enjoyed the Staff-Captain's visit. He is just the same man that I saw in Hamilton three years ago, with the same zeal and earnestness for God and souls. We all say, "Come again, Staff-Captain."—T. B.

Kemptville.

Owing to sickness, our beloved P. O. Brigadier Pugmire, was unable to visit us. We were sorry, but hope he will soon be better. God bless him. Capt. Weir came in his stead. He gave us a short sketch of his life, which was very interesting. Everyone enjoyed it, and we would like the Captain to visit us often. Two raised their hands for prayer. We are believing for a smash soon. Kemptville is the place.—Lena Newell, Capt.

Pictou.

We have had some glorious times. Ensign Pugh has been around the District, and arrived home somewhat exhausted after a forty-mile drive in

a stage-coach. He had a grand time. God came very near and souls were saved. Since he took charge of this corps, a little over two months ago, some fifty-two have sought salvation and the blessing of a clean heart. We had a pound meeting on Saturday night, and Bro. Paul, from Watertown, was with us on Sunday. We are free from debt, for which we praise God. Ensign's new songs, "Where does the harm come in?" and "They only compel you to sin," take well. One soul sought salvation on Thursday night. Lieut. Jewell still looks after the flock in Blountfield.—Lillie Love.

Kingston.

We arrived in Kingston on the afternoon of Dec. 6th. A band of sisters met us at the depot, which had the effect of making us feel good and we had come. They escorted us to the quarters, where they had a hot supper prepared for us. God bless them! We had a beautiful welcome by all the corps and a full hall at night. Good for Kingston! Since then six weeks have elapsed, and we have had the privilege of seeing something done for God. Twenty-eight souls have sought Jesus. Our War Crys are all sold by the business, who number eight. Each have their allotted dis-

Strathroy.

We have been holding some good meetings lately, and God is blessing us in a wonderful manner. We are going in to beat sin and the devil, and believe we are the people that can do it, if we put our whole trust in God. Sunday night we had two souls out for salvation, and we believe God has done a thorough work in their hearts. They are getting along well. Conviction is felt in our meetings, and we are looking for a revival in the near future.—S. Brindley.



Devil's Lake.

We were very glad to have a visit from the Major. His meetings were a blessing to all. Yesterday we enrolled three comrades under the Blood-and-Fire flag, and one soul sought salvation. Finances and crowds are improving, and the fire is burning brightly. War Correspondent.

Neepawa.

Last Sunday night God came very near, and His Spirit was felt in the meeting. One young man volunteered for salvation, and after some prayer and pleading, number two knelt at the Cross. Both testified to God's saving power, and we had a march round the hall. The invitation was given again, when two more knelt at the Cross, making five for the night.—R. C.

Valley City.

Many hearts have been made glad through the visit of the Red-Hot Brigade, and the work done for God during the past two weeks. The Brigade was ably assisted by Ensign Perry, Rev. Mr. Christ of the German Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Jephcott of the M. E. Church. Seven souls sought salvation at the position forum. May they prove true warriors of the Bleeding Lamb.—Father Harvey.

Carman.

We praise God for a week of success. We had one continual rain of sub-servants, the returning of some of our comrades was in direct answer to the many prayers which have ascended the throne on their behalf. Others have come out for full consecration and desperate sinners are being converted. We close the week's work with seven in the Fountain, and live for the second blessing.—Albert Dallman, J. S. S. M.

Janestown.

Our Christmas celebrations will not soon be forgotten. Santa Claus had two trees loaded with presents for the children, all of whom rendered songs or recitations, which made a very interesting program. Since then Ensign Perry has visited us with his lantern. The story of "A Drunken Mother" was very impressive. We have with us now the Red-Hot Brigade. Their meetings are well attended the hall being crowded to the doors. We are looking forward to victory.—Corps-Cadet O. R. Carter.

What you choose to grasp with your mind is the question; much more serious than how you handle it afterwards. What does it matter how you build, if you have bad bricks to build with, or how you reason, if the ideas with which you begin are foul or false? And in general all fatal, false reasoning proceeds from people having some one false notion in their hearts, with which they are resolved their reasoning shall comply.



Stratford.

We had a beautiful crowd at our Watch-night service. Five recruits were enrolled. The Band of Love has been organized.—L. McC., for Capt. Bonny.

Simcoe.

God's strong arm is proving mighty to save in this place. One more soul professed conversion on Sunday night. Praise God for victory. Saturday night was the first appearance of the zoho hand in Simcoe, comprising six zoho horns. The people were delighted.—B. Greenwood, Lieut.

The Dynamite AT ORILLIA

Forty-three

Leaving Lind... to Orillia to find Kivell with eve... lamble servat... days' furlough... the troupe aga... Major Moore, c... ied us to Orillia... the proceedings... Just after the... meetings had b... took ill with p... omi week's me... poned for a... very glad to s... Captain is imp... almost entirely... The lost meet... a small Ind... you can well... dan comrades... we spent. Six... their broken M... tention to be... days were, we... much good. E... vation, and on... return in thre... meetings at th...

After the fir... at Barrie, Maj... from us at Li... and led the v... ending an offi... night of playe... we had a bless... one came with... were not disa... The Major, w... well, took hol... and usual fr... after everyone... free he deliv... hearts of the... out to prove... Monday aft... for an officers'... special featu... dresses from G... others. Ad... "The value of... No one could... subject than... thirteen years... how that, in... netting as nur... an old indiv... her to Christ...

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The Dynamic Quartette

AT ORILLIA AND BARRIE.

Forty-three Souls Come Forward.

Leaving Lindsay, we journeyed on to Orillia to find Capt. Wilson and Kivell with everything arranged for a successful series of meetings. Your humble servant was away for a few days' furlough at home, and joined the troupe again at Barrie. Sergeant Moore, of Lindsay, accompanied us to Orillia, and helped to enlighten the proceedings.

Just after the first five or six days' meetings had been held, Capt. Kivell took ill with pneumonia, and the second week's meetings had to be postponed for a short time. We are very glad to say, however, that the Captain is improving nicely and is almost entirely well again.

The last meeting was held at Rama, a small Indian village near by, and you can well imagine, with our Indian comrades, what a lively time we spent. Six came forward, and in their broken English declared their intention to be true. The five or six days were, we believe, productive of much good. Eleven came out for salvation, and one for the blessing. We return in three weeks to continue the meetings at this place.

Barrie.

After the first two days' meetings at Barrie, Major Turner, who parted from us at Lindsay, again joined us, and led the week-end meetings, including an officers' council and a half-night of prayer. It is needless to say we had a blessed season of it. Everyone came with high expectations, and were not disappointed.

The Major, although not feeling well, took hold with his old-time vigor and usual free, jovial manner, and after everyone was made to feel quite free he delivered the truth to the hearts of the people. Several came out to prove its realities.

Monday afternoon we met together for an officers' council. Some of the special features were instructive addresses from Capt. Hanna and several others.

Adj. DesBrisay spoke on "The value of an officer's experience." No one could better deal with this subject than she, having spent some thirteen years as an officer. She told how that, in her early experience, netting as nurse and carrying soup to an old lady, she, by this means, led her to Christ.

Give Four Converts Work.

Adj. Newmann, who has had some experience as a seaman, gave in his address such expressions as "Set sail!" "Heave her to!" and "Back her out!" The Adjutant is a firm believer in "What we live we'll hold," and said he did not feel like spending strength and energy over people who simply came out to the front, and then were here and there, and nowhere in particular, but felt like dealing with them to make them feel that something further was required of them besides kneeling at a penitent form. His idea is, "Give your converts something to do, and make them feel that they have an important part to perform in the great work of soul-saving." The Adjutant said that he always felt soldier-making was one of the most important parts of his warfare.

The Dynamics each gave a talk, and



Capt. Cornish. Capt. Trickey. Capt. Pynn. Adj. Newmann.

then the Major spoke on "Successful Soul-saving." He believed that what we each required was: 1st. Faith's charge, "Present your bodies as a living sacrifice," etc.; 2nd. Hard work.

It should be the aim of each one to cultivate himself. S. A. officers have, he said, a two-fold position, that of preacher and business man. The Major then read from Isaiah xli, and gave an instructive talk particularly emphasizing that part dealing with, "Behold I will make thee a new, sharp threshing instrument, having teeth," etc. The gathering was one of much profit and blessing to all.

At night a grand rally was held. Some red-hot shots were fired. The Major called upon Lieut. Pynn, of the Dynamic Quartette, to solo, and said that if he had his yellow braids taken off and replaced by red he might do better. The other members of the Brigade soon relieved him of his yellow braids. "Capt." Pynn sang a merry song. After this meeting a half-night of prayer was held, with souls to the Fountain.

The meetings conducted throughout the week were well attended and helpful to all.

On the last night we had a Social and musical meeting. We said good-bye, and in singing "God be with you till we meet again," we heartily praised God for the 11 souls, besides 12 children, who came to the Cross seeking salvation. Eight had been out for sanctification. —N. R. T.



Grand Bank.

Our crowds are good. Income good, our souls good. God good, devil very bad. God is helping us to fight him. Victory or death, is our battle cry. —Ensign Cooper.

Harbor Grace.

On Thursday night we had a good time. Three souls knelt at the Cross for salvation. We are in for making it hot for the devil. —Sidney Sainsbury, Lieut.

THE DYNAMIC QUARTETTE ON THE MOVE.

rank of the enemy and captured one prisoner. The Watch-night service on Monday night was a glorious time. Four recruits took their stand to fight for God and souls. We finished up at 1 a.m. with one soul in the Fountain. "Victory" is our motto for the New Year.—J. Wiseman, Capt.

Jackson's Cove.

Praise God, we are still on the up grade. On Xmas Day our souls were greatly blessed. Both saved and unsaved felt that the Spirit of God was among us. The meeting at night was a glorious time. One precious soul knelt at the Mercy Seat. The Xmas War Cry was disposed of in about ten minutes. Everyone pronounced it the best on record. New Year's Day we had our Junior's Jubilee, and Xmas Tree. The children occupied the platform and presented an interesting program. Our motto for 1911 is "Fight and win."—Lieut. Gosse.

Seal Cove.

We have spent some time in repairing and painting our little barracks, which now looks very attractive. The afternoon and night's meetings of Xmas Day were times of blessing. Sunday we had good crowds and blessed times. The souls sung by our comrades left a lasting impression on the stunners present. We had a glorious time at Watch night service. One recruit was enrolled under the good old flag, and as the New Year dawned upon us we pledged ourselves that the coming year would be the best we have ever spent.—A. Soldier.

Brigus.

We are glad, after a little hardness, to be able to say we are having victory. On Monday we visited the outpost, walked five miles, visited twenty-five houses, and had a meeting. There were one hundred and eighty present, and one soul professed salvation. We came back dancing happy with our socks full of food.—A. Stickland, Capt.

Bird Island Cove.

We had good meetings on Sunday; God was with us. Many sinners were convicted, but none would yield. We had our new D. O., Adj. Boggs, with us on Thursday, who proved a blessing to us, although there was only a small crowd, it being very cold, and many people not knowing the Adjutant was here. We are believing for bright times in the near future.—Wm. Ford, Capt.

Bonavista.

The Lord has been very near. At the Watch-night service we had the joy of enrolling five recruits under the colors, and on Sunday night one soul volunteered for God. There was great rejoicing when Adjutant, on behalf of the Commissioner, presented the new flag to the corps. The War Cry is all sold out. Our Sergeant is a snorter. We are believing for a crash in the devil's ranks this winter. —Lieut. R. Baggs.

Gambo.

Although for some time past we have had our harracks closed, through sickness being in the place, we are glad to report that we have again opened fire on the enemy. Sunday God came very near, and at night one wanderer returned to the fold. We closed with a proper hallelujah wind-up. Xmas War Cry went like hot cakes. We are having our War Cry number increased.—Lieuts. Hehlth and Blackmore.

Greenspond.

On Friday night three came out for full salvation. Sunday we had blessed times. The Lord came near in the knee-drill, and as we sang that old chorus, "Jesus will answer prayer," the faith that moves mountains took possession of us, and the glory filled our souls. At night we stormed the

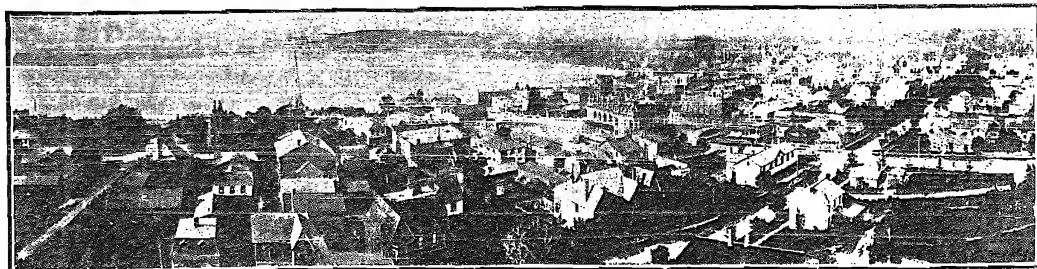


North Sydney.

Last Sunday's knee-drill was the largest we have had for some time. Splendid meetings all day. At night Capt. Thompson gave an impressive address on the foolish virgins, particularly emphasizing the words, "The door was shut." Some good must surely come from the Captain's well-chosen words. A bomb-shell struck the platform Thursday night in the shape of a bogus slide. No harm was done. Capt. Leadley, from Sydney Mines, took part in this special meeting, and rendered some good mandolin solos. We hear a faint sound of the Commissioner's coming to North Sydney, and guarantee her a real Cape Breton welcome.—N. Martell, Treas.

Windsor.

We are glad to say that our Watch-night service was a time of power, when we each one renewed our vows to the Lord to be more faithful. Our dear Commissioner's letter was listened to with deep interest; also the presenting of the new flag. The old flag will be kept in memory of the nineteenth century. At the close we rejoiced over four precious souls seeking Jesus. We have had some special meetings, music and singing, which were much enjoyed, also a Junior Jubilee subject, "Living Bible Pictures," which was very good. We are putting forth a united effort to clear off some debt. Our officers have the interest of the kingdom at heart, and we mean to help them all we can. Our crowds are very good, and of late quite a number have started to live for God. Others are convicted and will soon yield.—Jessie Irons, J. S. S.-M.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BARRIE, ONT.



Strathroy.

have been holding some good ings lately, and God is blessing a wonderful manner. We are in to lick sin and the devil, and e we are the people that can if we put our whole trust in Sunday night we had two souls r salvation, and we believe God one a thorough work in their They are getting along well, tion is felt in our meetings, re are looking for a revival in ur future.—S. Brindley.



Devil's Lake.

were very glad to have a visit the Major. His meetings were sing to all. Yesterday we had three comrades under the and-Fire flag, and one soul r salvation. Finances and crowds proving, and the fire is burning ly. War Correspondent.

Neopawa.

Sunday night God came very and His Spirit was felt in the ng. One young man volunteered ivation, and after some prayer enlisting, number two knelt at d then testified to God's saving and we had a march round the The invitation was given again, two more knelt at the Cross, live for the night.—R. C.

Valley City.

hearts have been made glad h the visit of the Red-Hot Tri- and the work done for God the past two weeks. The v was ably assisted by Ensign Rev. Mr. Christ (of the German st Church), and Rev. Mr. it of the M. E. Church). Seven May they prove true warriors Bleeding Lamb.—Father Har-

Carmar.

praise God for a week of suc- We had one continual run of wing. The returning of some of our comrades was in direct answer many prayers which have as the throne on their behalf. have come out for full con- and desperate sinners are converted. We close the week's with seren in the Fountain, and the second blessing.—Albert J. J. S. S.-M.

Janesboro.

Christmas celebrations will not forgotten. Santa Claus had s loaded with presents for the all of whom rendered songs nations, which made a very ng program. Since then Eu- ry has visited us with his The story of "A Drunken was very impressive. We th us now the Red-Hot Tri- Their meetings are well at he hall being crowded to the We are looking forward to -Corps-Cadet O. R. Carter.

you choose to grasp with your the question; much more than how you handle it after- What does it matter how you you have had bricks to build how you reason, if the pleas able you begin are foul or And in general all fatal, false proceeds from people hav- one false notion to their with which they are resolved oning shall comply.



Jan. 20th, 1901.

THE NEW KING.

Albert Edward, lately Prince of Wales, eldest son and second child of the Queen, has been proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India, etc., having assumed the title of King Edward VII. The official proclamations have been duly made according to the ancient usages, and all public ministers and officials have taken the oath of allegiance. The new King has created a favorable impression. He attended a special divine service, with all the members of the Royal Family and guests, last Sunday, which was also the anniversary of the birthday of the German Emperor, who was made a Field Marshal in the British Army. The German Crown Prince also was decorated with the Order of the Star.

THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

The late Queen's funeral has been fixed for Feb. 2nd, and will take place at Windsor Castle. Her remains will be interred at Frogmore, beside her beloved Consort. In the magnificent mausoleum which she built in his memory. Extensive preparations are made for an impressive funeral ceremony. Memorial services will be held in all the colonies of the Empire, and by practically all denominations.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The news from the battlefield has been very scarce on account of the absorbing interest in the Queen's death and the accession of the Prince of Wales to the Throne. General Buller has occupied Carolina after a stout resistance by the Boers. De Wet is now reported to be in Orange River Colony with only five hundred Boers. The invasion of Cape Colony has not resulted in any important engagement. The invaders seem to be moving without any definite object in view. A number of Boers dressed in khaki nearly succeeded in capturing a British outpost near Pretoria. The Boers succeeded in blowing up a coal train near Kimberley, also captured a small post of British soldiers. It is further reported that a party of Cape Police surrendered to the Boers near Vryburg. General Buller has cleared the West side of Cape Colony of Boer invaders.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The United States is purchasing two islands of the Philippine group, which were left out of the official transfer at the time of the treaty of peace, for the sum of one and a half thousand dollars.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, member of the W. C. T. U., recently, at Wichita, smashed several saloons' fixtures, because these saloons were run in open defiance against the prohibition law of the State. She claims that this desperate deed was necessary to rouse public sentiment against the liquor traffic, and she has certainly succeeded.

The Queen's eldest daughter, Empress Frederick of Germany, is developing serious symptoms. She suffers intensely from cancer.

Memorial was visited by some disastrous conflagrations recently, the largest of which resulted in a loss estimated at three million dollars. This included the magnificent Board of Trade Building, and several other important structures.

Weather reports from Dawson City state that the thermometer went 68 below zero on January 16th.

The Bradford Institution for the Blind reports that the number of blind people is decreasing, owing to better treatment for the eyes now being available.

Albany, New York, suffers from a small-pox epidemic.

Baron Wilhelm of Rothschild, the head of the famous banking firm at Frankfurt, is dead.



The New Board of Trade Building, Montreal, Destroyed by the Recent Fire

Twenty-one Donkhobors, who left last summer for California, to take up land, have returned to the Canadian North-West.

The steamer "Holland," from London, was wrecked off Amsterdam, and sixteen men were drowned.

Storms in Germany, and tidal waves, have caused much damage.

The new Australian confederation has in view preferential tariff to British, women's suffrage and Asiatic exclusion.

ENSIGN SIMS' WELCOME TO LISGAR STREET.

Adj. Scarr, who has spent a long and successful term at this corps, has forewelled, and a fell to the lot of the writer to attend the welcome meeting of Ensign Sims. This corps knows how to love the old officers, and also welcome the new. Ensign Sims is no altogether a stranger here, and some pleasant memories of the past were given by comrades who had met the Ensign before. The meeting was led by Major Turner, who kept things budding with his happy introduction of the various speakers. Bro. Brown, J. S. S.M., spoke on behalf of the Juniors, Mrs. Bowers for the sisters, and "Col." Matchett for himself and everybody else. The "Colonel" declared he had a great deal on his mind these days, but managed to give the Ensign a hearty welcome. His mind will probably be at rest by the time this is in print; he has just come in here and declares it is all right. Sister Dubois spoke on behalf of the Juniors, Corps-Cadets, and young people, of whom there is a nice number in the corps. See Stickle's made an excellent speech on finances, announcing the pleasing fact that the corps was free of debt. Capt. and Mrs. McLeod sang a duet. Bandmaster Hart spoke for the band, which seems to be in good condition, and during meeting gave some excellent music. Ensign Turner, who was in the city on his way to the Eastern Province, had a few words, and Major Turner concluded a very happy, glad-to-see-you kind of meeting with a few appropriate and soul-stirring remarks. Lisgar St. has given its new officers a real heart-warming welcome, and we prophesy for this corps a continuation of victory under its new leader, God bless Lisgar St.-Visitor.

A Reminiscence of Adj. Geo. Arkett.

I notice in the War Cry the death of Adj. Arkett. Never shall I forget his holy, happy life. He lived above his feelings, was always in earnest, and full of sympathy for the wayward children of men. As we rode our horses along the mountains of British Columbia, visiting and conducting meetings together, his whole soul was in his work. He was fully the Lord's, and victory over self, was always busy, and was loved by the rough alder and cowboy. They loved to hear him sing, for he put his soul into it. As I often remarked, he sang from his feet up to his head, and his eyes would sparkle with joy, reflecting the peace within.

He enjoyed the clear air of the mountains, but once, after we had been separated, he overtook himself

in a trip into Burkerville, over two miles of deep snow. He would often speak of home, and how he was converted. He loved his work, was a real Salvationist, and full of praise to his God and Saviour. May the God of all comfort bless the bereaved ones. -Ralph, South, Adj.

The Praying Gang.

Excellent Start at St. Thomas and Ingersoll—Seventy-six Souls Forward.

The Soul-Saving Troupe, of West Ontario, arrived at St. Thomas on Saturday, Dec. 20. The week-end meetings were led by our worthy leaders, Major and Mrs. McMillan, assisted by the Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Rawling, and the soldiers moved on very well to the meetings.

On Saturday night some real fighting was done, and seven souls came out to the penitent form. Hallohah! On Sunday the crowds were good, and thirteen more came forward during the day.

A very good crowd was present at the Watch-night service. Our P.O. presented the New Century Colors to the soldiers. Seven of the oldest soldiers and one Junior held the flag, while we all pledged ourselves to light under the colors till the end. We contemplated the new century on our knees before the Almighty, with a strong determination that, by the grace of God, this year shall be the best of all. The Major also enrolled six soldiers.

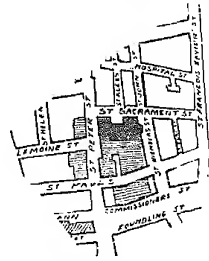
Tuesday night seven more were seen at the Mercy seat. An aged brother, of 74 years, his wife, son, and daughter, knelt at the penitent form together; this was a beautiful sight which the angels in heaven surely rejoiced over.

The Troupe finished up at St. Thomas on feeling that we had done our best for God and souls, with a total at the penitent form of thirty-one men and women.

After attending our beloved Commission's meeting on Monday night at London, we came on to Ingersoll, one of my old stations. It did me good to see the comrades still fighting for God and souls. The dear Lord blessed us and gave us a glorious victory. Staff-Capt. Rawling led the week-end meetings. The crowds were good and much interested in the Staff-Captain's addresses. Fourteen came forward during the week-end. Monday night our half-night of prayer commenced about 8 p.m. and continued till quarter to three a.m. God's presence was felt, and we had the joy of seeing twenty-five souls at the Cross.

It was just grand. We had a good run around the barracks, and shouted aloud for joy. The total number of souls who came forward at Ingersoll during our stay was forty-five. The officers and some comrades from Woodstock drove over for the half-night of prayer, and took the Troupe back to Woodstock. I might say that the soldiers and friends at St. Thomas and Ingersoll were very kind to us. God bless them.—W. Orchard, Adj.

Neither can he that mindeth his own business find much matter for envy. For envy is a galling passion, and walketh the streets and doth not keep home.



Map of the Montreal Fire. The shaded portion was destroyed.

AN ARMY WEDDING AT PETERBORO.

The Hallelujah Wedding, which was to take place in our barracks on the 27th of December, was looked forward to with great expectancy. Everybody was excited and wondering what was this they were told would be revealed on the 27th. The barracks had been elaborately decorated by Messrs. J. J. Turner & Sons, of whom the bride had been an employee for seven years, and the occasion was looked upon as a most eventful one. The doors of the barracks were thrown open at six o'clock, and by eight the building was crowded from end to end. The march came in, the soldiers took their places on the platform, and in a moment the bridal party arrived. There was no



Bandsman Mendell and Mrs. Greene. Recently married at Peterboro.

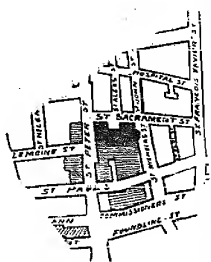
wedding march, but their appearance was followed by a salvation valley, which made all present feel at home. Brigadier Pugnare gave out the opening song, which went with a swing. The band furnished good music. The Brigadier then said that weddings did not occur every day, and bade all be happy with the contracting parties, who were about to be united for life under the good old flag. Sergt.-Major Constable was called upon to have a few words on behalf of the corps, and Sergt.-Major Brandt on behalf of the Juniors, as the bride had been a J. S. worker for a number of years. The event of the evening next occurred in the union of our two comrades, Bandsman J. Mendell Greene and Sergt. Nellie Bacon. The interesting and

Solemn Ceremony

was performed by Brigadier Pugnare, who is an excellent hand at such work. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Gertrude. Both were dressed in regular Army uniform with a bow of white ribbon on the left shoulder. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Carlos Greene, while Master Mendell Brandt (nephew of the groom) acted the part of page. The Brigadier read telegrams from Mrs. Brigadier Pugnare, Staff-Capt. Burditt, and Adj. Williams, of Montreal, also Capt. Wilson, of Port Hope.

The Brigadier then addressed the wedding couple, giving them some good wholesome advice, in his kind, fatherly way, which, I am sure, will be useful in years to come. A duet by Brigadier Pugnare and Adj. Rawling followed, and the meeting was brought to a close by prayer. The bride and groom received the hearty congratulations of their friends and adjourned to the J. S. hall where a wedding supper had been prepared for soldiers and invited guests.

We trust that our comrades will go on and work for God and souls, as they have done in the past. Mendell Bacon.



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We trust that our comrades will go on and work for God and souls, as they have done in the past. Minnie Pacey.



Through the Pearly Gates.

FREDERICTON, N. B. With deep sorrow we report the death of our esteemed comrade, Mrs. Richard Owens, who left this world Jan. 5th, at 3:40 a.m. One week previous our comrade stood with us in the open-air and was the first to step into the ring and tell the people of her love for God.

Her illness was short. Her triumph was complete. When told there was no hope for her recovery, she said she was ready and trusting Jesus, and that she had no fear, for the Lord held her hand. She faithfully dealt with those around her, testifying to the goodness of God, and asking them to be faithful and meet her in heaven. The Fredericton corps has lost a faithful soldier, one who at all times did her duty; but we praise God for the testimony left behind. Sister Owens was a faithful mother and loving wife, and much sympathy is felt for her husband and family.

We gave her a real Army funeral, on Sunday, Jan. 6th. Adj. Byers, assisted by Adj. Wiggins, conducted the services, which were very impressive. Upwards of two hundred people attended the service, thus testifying to the esteem in which our late comrade was held by all who knew her.

At night the memorial service was conducted by Adj. Byers, who spoke of our departed comrade, and warned others to fit themselves for that great day when they will have to answer to the summons.

Faithful Unto Death.

Our comrade, Sister Lizzie Little, after a short although severe illness, was called up higher on Christmas Day. For about three years she had not enjoyed the blessing of robust health, but so faithfully and determinedly had she worked that very few, excepting those nearest to her, even suspected that the fulfilling of her duties was a trial to her strength.

During the week of sickness, before God took her, she suffered much, but in the last few days the pain did not seem so severe, and she passed away peacefully.

Our comrade was going to die—only twenty-three years—but the bereaved ones do not sorrow as those without seem so severe, and she passed away peacefully.

When her power of speech was gone, and those watching eagerly questioned her as to whether her Saviour was precious while hearing the dark valley, she signed to them that all was well, and raising her arm pointed upward.

We shall miss her much. Although often not permitted, through her work, to attend the meetings as often as she would have liked, she could be depended upon to do what she could. Her voice has not been heard so much in public as some, but she was one of the most willing workers "behind the scenes," whether it meant scrubbing the barracks or selling tickets for a special meeting.

She has grown up in our midst from a Junior, and it seemed hard to part, but we felt that our Father's love allowed it, and life is sweeter best.

Ensign and Mrs. Cummins, with the band and soldiers met at the home of our comrade, where an impressive service was held, before the march to the cemetery.

The Ensign led a memorial service on Sunday night. Bro. and Sister Little, with those comrades, had been with our departed comrade in her last days on earth, spoke of her hope of meeting her in the morning. Many were touched, and we do pray that, through the influence of that meeting, some will prepare to meet their God.

A. E. T.

Safe at Home.

HEART'S DELIGHT.—We are once more founded that death is sure. During the last few days two of our comrades have been taken from our side. Bro. Richard Jerrett and Bro. Abraham Harman.

Bro. Jerrett, who has been suffering for some months, was called high on Dec. 22nd. I visited him while sick and found him unsaved. As I endeavored to point him to Christ he said, "It seems that God won't save me now." We read from God's word, prayed and sang, but still all seemed dark. The last time I went to visit him, as I drew near the house I saw that the blinds were drawn. I met the father, who, although bereaved, was happy in the fact that his boy had found peace before passing away. His father being a soldier desired that the Salvation Army should bury his son. So on Xmas Eve we laid the remains of our brother beneath the clay, but with the hope of meeting him on the other shore.

We buried our comrade, Bro. Harman on Xmas Day, the funeral service being conducted by Capt. Pugh and Newell. This being the first Army funeral conducted here, we engaged the Fishermen's Hall for the service. Many hearts were touched as Capt. Pugh read from God's word and reminded those present of the inevitability of life. The march to the cemetery was impressive, and we had no doubt as we laid our comrade's body beneath the clay that all was well. He fought the good fight. We visited him in his suffering. When I asked if he was

afraid to die he sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast." Bro. Harman has been a soldier of this corps for nearly five years. He felt like a warrior and died at his post. A wife and two children mourn their loss.

Reader, are you ready if the summons was to come now? How could you stand at the bar of God? Could it be said of you that you fought a good fight and did all you could? L. A. Simmons, Lieut.

To the Ranks Above.

FARGO, N. D.—With feelings of sadness we were called upon to conduct

Mrs. Homer Bentley,
Fargo, N. D.



the funeral services of our beloved comrade, Sister Mrs. Homer Bentley, one of the best loved and oldest soldiers of this corps, who was called home suddenly on Jan. 9th. Ensign Perry, assisted by Ensign Collett, conducted the service. Many friends and relatives attended. Our sister's life backed up her testimony, and she now enjoys the reward of her faithfulness. One week before her death she sang as a solo, that beautiful song, "We are on our way to Glory," little thinking she would soon be there. She was ready.

The memorial service on Sunday evening was a blessed time. God's presence came very near and many went on account of sins committed, but none would yield to God. Our deepest sympathy is with the bereaved, especially with the husband and four little children. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope. May we also be as ready to go—M. Collett, Ensign.



Mother's Boy Asleep.

A little form in snowy white.

One fat arm thrown above his head.
With laughing blue eyes tightly closed,
Lies on his dainty cradle-bed
Angels watch by that little form
As mother from him softly creeps:
The room is hushed; no sound is heard.

Speak softly, Mother's boy's asleep.

The years roll on. Another room.

With cards and novels strewn around:
A handsome youth with merry heart,
Audacious companions gay is found.
He lifts a glass of sparkling wine.
Marks a spot that serene round it creep.
Call loud and clear—he drains the glass—
House hush! for mother's boy's asleep.

The moonlight streams through prison bars,
And rests upon a pinched, sad face,
A. E. T.

Where drink, and every sort of crime

With suffering, too, have left their trace.
The sleeper dreams of childhood days—
While warrens their stern still keep,
"Mother," he whispers, and he smiles.
Speak lovingly, her boy's asleep.

A darkened room, a still, cold voice.

Whose days of grave have all gone by,
Who heard the dreary summons, "Come!"
And left us—unprepared to die.
Few follow to that lonely grave.
None stand beside its brink to weep.
Unmarked by even a little flower,
The spot where mother's boy's asleep.

Ah, ye! who serve your Master, Christ,
Who love the souls He died to win,
Who have been spared the bitter cup
Of seeing loved ones die in sin,
Fight on, and never cease your fall
Till death's long shadows round you creep.
For close beside you, day by day,
Some mother's boy is fast asleep.

Minnie Pike,
North Sydney.



II.—THE ROMANS.

THE DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE. (Continued.)

The two Emperors were good soldiers, and kept the enemies back, so that Diocletian celebrated a triumph at Nicomedia; but he had no illness just after, and, as he was fifty-nine years old, he decided that it would be better to resign the Empire while he was still in his full strength, and he persuaded Maximian to do the same, in 305, making Constantius and Galerius Emperors in their stead. Constantius stopped the persecution in the West, but it raged as much as ever in the East. Constantius fought bravely both in Britain and Gaul, with the enemies who tried to break into the Empire. The Franks, one of the Teuton nations, were constantly breaking in on the eastern frontier of Gaul, and the Caledonians on the northern border of the settlements in Britain. He opposed them gallantly, and was much loved, but died at York, A. D. 305, and Galerius passed over his son, Constantine, and appointed a favorite of his own, named Licinius. Constantine was so much beloved by the army and people of Gaul that they proclaimed him Emperor, and he held the Province of Britain and Gaul securely against all enemies.

Old Maximian, who had only retired on the command of Diocletian, now came out from his retreat, and called on his colleague to do the same; but Diocletian was far too happy on his little farm at Salona to leave it, and answered the messenger who urged him again to take upon him the purple, with—"Come and look at the caldrons I have planted!" However, Maximian was accepted as the true Emperor by the Senate, and made his son, Maxentius, Caesar, while he allied himself with Constantine, to whom he gave his daughter, Fausta, in marriage. Maxentius turned out a rebel, and drove the old man away to Marselles, where Constantine gave him a home on condition of his not interfering with government; but he could not rest, and raised the troops in the south against his son-in-law. Constantine's army marched eagerly against him and made him prisoner, but then he was pardoned, yet he still plotted, and tried to persuade his daughter, Fausta, to murder her husband. Upon this, Constantine was obliged to have him put to death.

Galerius died soon after of a horrible disease, during which he was filled with remorse for his cruelties to the Christians, sent to enquire their prayers, and stopped the persecution. On his death, Licinius seized part of his dominions, and there were four men calling themselves Emperors—Licinius in Asia, Daza Maximian in Egypt, Maxentius at Rome, and Constantine in Gaul.

There was sure soon to be a terrible struggle. It began between Maxentius and Constantine. This last marched out of Gaul and entered Italy. He had hitherto seemed doubtful between Christianity and paganism, but a wonder was seen in the heavens before his whole army, namely, a bright cross of light in the noon-day sky, with the words plainly to be traced round it, in her sign—"In this sign thou shalt conquer." The sight decided his mind: he proclaimed himself a Christian, and from Milan issued forth an edict providing the Christians his favor and protection. Great victories were gained by him at Turin, Verona, and on the banks of the Tiber, where, at the battle of the Milvian Bridge, in 312, Maxentius was defeated, and was drowned in crossing the river. Constantine entered Rome, and was owned by the senate as Emperor of the West.

(To be continued.)

Let us pray God that He would root out of our hearts everything of our own planting, and set out there, with His own hands, the tree of life, bearing all manner of fruit.



The Eastern Star Leads with a Low Figure—An Uninteresting Competition—Of All, the North-West Shows Best, All Things Considered.

Arab has been over-worked, and for that reason fails to report at the Judge's stand. We regret this, as Arab is a very interesting figure, and would have doubtless been in the lead this week, since the other Provinces, save the North-West and Newfoundland, have totals much below the average.

What is 74 for the East, or 70 for East Ontario, or 64 for Nigger, the Darling? Then the Pacific, with 20 names, is much below former records.

The championship might have been Kitchener's, but it goes to the Eastern twin-champions, Captain Martin and Cadet Morph, who sold 200 eab.

74 Hustlers.	
Capt. Martin, Chattertown	200
Cadet Martin, New Glasgow	200
Capt. Martin, Knight, Westville	140
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	130
Ensign Parsons, Glance Bay	150
Cadet Kennedy, St. John I.	100
Capt. Parsons, St. John's Sydney	100
Capt. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	100
Capt. C. Allan, St. John II.	100
N. Flood, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Santos, Hantsport	100
Capt. Leonard, Chatham	80
Lieut. White, Sussex	78
Lieut. Tatem, St. John V.	75
Capt. Clark, St. John West	70
Cadet Jones, St. John's	60
Lieut. McNeil, Cans	68
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Capt. Lorimer, St. Stephen	60
Mrs. Thompson, St. John's	60
Lieut. St. John I.	60
Mrs. McWilliam Windsor	68
M. Myles, Kentville	66
Lieut. Lebars, Truro	58
Lieut. Martin, Truro	55
Capt. Forster, Carleton	55
Capt. Doyle, Hillsboro	55

Cadet-Lieut. Carrell, Barrie	14
Capt. Hanna, Midland	10
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound ..	7
Capt. McLennan, Owen Sound ..	7

A Musical "Snap"

☹ ☹ ☹ *During the Cold Spell.*

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

For a few weeks we will mail, postpaid, on receipt of 10 cents, a selection of Two "MUSICAL SALVATIONISTS," or Six for 25c.

**THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME FOR
SOLOISTS AND MUSICIANS.**

The Trade Secretary.

Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont

Capt. Bishop, Campbellton	20	Sister Godeau, Lippincott St.	74
Capt. Abbott, Moncton	20	Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	75
Serjt. Maybee, Charlottetown	20	Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	75
Serjt. J. Moore, Charlottetown	20	Capt. Poole, Oshtawa	75
EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.			
70 Husters.		Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	51
Mrs. Enslin Pugh, Picton	105	Lieut. Wilson, St. Catharines	51
Capt. Barich, Cornwall	103	Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Capt. G. A. B. Burlington	150	Capt. Matthews, North Bay	50
Serjt.-Major Dudley, Ottawa	125	Lieut. Alice, North Bay	50
Lieut. Hicks, St. Johnsbury	105	Lieut. Penock, Collingwood	45
Capt. Pitcher, Brockville	80	Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	88	Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Capt. A. C. E. St. Catharines	85	Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	45
Serjt. Rogers, Montreal I.	85	Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	45
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Ottawa	85	Capt. Bond, North Bay	45
Capt. Carter, Bellville	75	Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls	45
Mrs. Edwards, Kingston	75	Lieut. Porier, Dundas	45
Capt. G. A. Fort Erie	75	Lieut. J. Marsell, Little Current	45
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	73	Capt. Connors, Dundas	45
Ensign Yerex, Newport	73	Capt. Angus, Sturgeon Falls	45
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	69	S. M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Adj. Moore, Kingston	66	Capt. McCann, Hamilton II.	40
Capt. Bloss, Ogdensburg	60	Cadet-Lieut. Jago, Hamilton II.	40
Capt. Green, Belleville	60	Ensign Lott, Menford	40
Capt. Green, Trenton	60	Serjt. St. Denis, Jago, St.	35
Serjt. Moore, Montreal I.	60	Capt. Liston, Richmond St.	35
Mrs. Adj. Moore, Kingston	61	Serjt. Tuck, Ligar St.	30
Capt. Slater, St. Albans	61	Capt. Stollker, Riverside	30
Capt. Crego, St. Catharines	60	T. Moore, Lippincott St.	30
A. Donnelly, Cobourg	50	Serjt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	31
P. S. M. Veal, Barre	50	Capt. Bond, Belleville	30
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	50	Serjt. Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines	25
Lieut. Crosier, Port Hope	50	P. S. M. Southwell, Richmond St.	25
Serjt. Bond, St. Catharines	50	Capt. Brooks, Aurora	25
Capt. McNamara, Sherbrooke	50	Lieut. Stickle, Aurora	25
Cadet-Lieut. Stata, Sherbrooke	50	Capt. J. Marshall, Faversham	25
Mrs. King, Napanee	48	Capt. Liddard, Aurora	25
Capt. Huxtable, Amprur	48	S. M. Slater, Aurora	25
Bro. Clark, Elmfield	45	Serjt. Matchett, Ligar St.	25
Adj. Babington, Deseronto	45	Capt. Sheridan, Lindsay	25
Capt. Randall, Odessa	41	Lieut. Huxtable, Lindsay	25
Bro. Stone, Peterboro	40	Serjt. Richards, Lindsay	25
Capt. Owen, Barre	40	Lieut. Phillips, Orangeville	25
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	35	Bro. Carpenter, Orangeville	25
Capt. W. H. Kingston	35	Capt. Clink, Huntsville	25
Lieut. Rutledge, Ogdensburg	35	Capt. Bond, Aurora	25
Mrs. Enslin Jones, Tweed	35	Corps-Cadet McCurney, Riverside	25
Lieut. Hoole, Campbellford	35	Adj. Walker, Riverside	25
Cadet Holiday, St. Albans	35	P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	25
Capt. Mages, Deseronto	32	Lieut. McGee, Brantford	25
Lieut. Addell, Perth	31	Capt. Overt, Brampton	25
Capt. Norman, Quebec	30	Capt. Christoph, Brantford	25
Capt. Grose, Quebec	30	R. Heseon, Lindsay	25
Serjt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	30	Lieut. Minns, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Tytus, Burlington	30	Adj. DesBrisay, Barrie	25
Capt. Mitchell, Peterboro	29	Mrs. Stanton, Bowmanville	25
Serjt. Dine, Kingston	28	Capt. G. A. Yorkville	25
Cadet-Lieut. Jewell, Picton	27	NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.	
Serjt. Whaley, Kingston	25	53 Husters.	
Capt. Barber, Kingston	23	Cadet Hoepfner, Winnipeg	130
Treas. McEwan, Amprur	22	Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	85
Capt. Veir, Prescott	22	Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	85
Mildred Veal, Barre	22	Ensign Hett, Fargo	85
Serjt. Raymond, Barre	20	Capt. Blodgett, Brandon	75
Capt. Macintosh, Sarnbury	20	Lieut. Lawford, Fargo	75
Cand. Duncan, Ottawa	20	P. S. M. Jackson, Portage In	75
Lieut. Pittman, Newport	20	Frabrie	75
Serjt. Brown, Montreal I.	20	Lieut. E. Costin, Fort William	75
Serjt. Lewis, Montreal	20	Mrs. G. G. H. Regina	75
Capt. G. A. Canton, Place	20	Lieut. E. Gamble, Souris	75
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	20	Capt. S. Draper, Moorhead	75
Mrs. Hawley, Cloyne	20	Capt. M. Wlek, Prince Albert	75
Serjt. Brown, Kingston	20	Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	75
CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.			
63 Husters.		Serjt. Brown, Port William	75
Cadet-Lieut. Currell, Barrie	140	Cadet Popstein, Winnipeg	75
Capt. Hanna, Midland	100	Cadet Stapleton, Winnipeg	75
Capt. G. A. Barrie	75	Sister A. Pearce, Calgary	75
Capt. McEwan, Owen Sound	75	Mrs. R. Taylor, Neepawa	45
		Capt. E. Laws, Duplain	45
		Capt. G. A. Port William	45
		Capt. M. Meyers, Minot	45

PREPARE FOR THE SIEGE

Sergt. Harvey, Valley City	40
Mrs. Adj't. McManis, Winnipeg	39
Lieut. Engdahl, Moosomin	36
Mrs. Capt. A. Wilkins, Devil's Lake	35
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	35
Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur	35
Lieut. C. G. Macdonald, Medicine Hat	34
Capt. L. Smith, Medicine Hat	34
Mrs. Ensign Hahlikirk, Grand Forks	30
Capt. W. White, Portage la Prairie	30
Cadet I. McLean, Port Arthur	30
Lieut. C. G. Macdonald, Medicine Hat	29
Capt. B. Fell, Port Arthur	29
Lieut. L. Nuttall, Minot	28
Sister Dohly, Moorhead	27
Lieut. Potter, Grand Forks	25
Lieut. J. Hardy, Hannah	25
Sergt. M. J. Kane, Port Arthur	25
Steward Chapman, Winnipeg	24
W. Meron, Emerson	24
Capt. D. Meyers, Port Arthur	23
Sergt. Lang, Brandon	23
Adj't. F. Dean, Brandon	22
Lieut. J. Macdonald, Port Arthur	22
Cadet Morris, Grand Forks	21
Capt. Forsberg, Emerson	20
Cadet Mansell, Grand Forks	20
Capt. Barrager, Larimore	20
Sister McDonald, Port Arthur	20
Sergt. Lunberg, Port Arthur	20
Capt. Brown, Winnipeg	20
W. G. Winder, Winnipeg	20

20 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Nelson	164
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Victoria	130
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Butte	140
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Hastings	119
Bro. Preston, Spokane	107
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Helena	107
Capt. Krell, Missoula	90
Mrs. Adjt. Hay, New Westminster	89
Lieut. Scott, Lewiston	87
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	70
Carrie Bowles, Vancouver	68
Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver	68
Capt. Miller, New Whateam	60
Lieut. Ayre, New Whateam	50
Tom Whipple, Vancouver	50
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	49
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	43
Cadet Evans, Helena	41
Holmes, Vancouver	41
Sister Theresa, Helena	41
Mrs. Nesbitt, Helena	40
Lieut. Ayre, Butte	39
Ensign Blos, Kamloops	38
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	37
Capt. Galt, Lewiston	37
Capt. Capt. Lucy, Fernie	36
Capt. Lucy, Fernie	36
Capt. Ziebart, Butte	35

21 Huskies.	
Sergt. J. Listone, St. Johns I.....	73
Capt. M. James, St. Johns I.....	70
Sergt. Liddstone, St. Johns II.....	60
Lieut. Sainsbury, Harbor Graee.....	59
Sergt.-Major Ebsary, St. Johns I.....	58
Sergt. Mrs. P. E. Blackmore, St. Johns I.....	55
Sergt. M. A. Blackmore, Pilley's Island.....	54
Sergt. E. Hutchings, St. Johns I.....	25
Cadet G. White, St. Johns I.....	25
Cadet A. Mercer, St. Johns I.....	25
Cadet A. Peddie, St. Johns I.....	25
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns I.....	25
Sergt. E. Payne, St. Johns I.....	20
Sergt. J. C. St. Johns I.....	20
Sergt. Mary Lundon, St. Johns I.....	20
Sergt. Crane, Harbor Graee.....	20
Sergt.-Major Bartlett, Brilly Cove.....	20
Cadet Harding, St. Johns II.....	20
Cadet Cronie, St. Johns II.....	20

2 Hustlers.

Capt. Long, Skagway	121
Ensign Gooding, Skagway	101

Sin would not be so deadly if the
devil could not wear a mask.

For
THE AMBULANCE

CHAPTER II

OUTLINE OF THE MOR
TURNS AND FUNCT
BODY.

The alimentary canal, about thirty feet stretched out. The upper part of it lies upper in the abdomen, extending from the mouth to the stomach, the duodenum, or the first part of the small intestine, and serves to convey food to the stomach.

THE STOMACH is the most dilated part of the primary canal. This is a conical sac, curved upwards in the abdomen of the body below the diaphragm, and is divided into two parts, the greater and the lesser curvature, while its small end is on the right side. When full it is about twelve inches in height, its capacity is three pints in the adult, and is accomplished by the process of digestion, which is effected by the action of fluids, juices, which act on food, which is also aided by the movements

THE SMALL
small intestine is a
alimentary canal of
stomach to the large
about twenty feet
in coils in the ab-
dominal cavity. It
divides into three
portions of the food
either partially or
entirely absorbed
upon by the gastric
juice. The intestines
secrete from the
small intestine, the pancreas
comes from the pancreas
bread, and with the
liver. All of these
in the process of digestion
on parts of the food
in the small intestine.

After the food is broken up by the other words put in, it is then prepared to be introduced into the blood and to nourish the body. It is absorbed from the small intestine by the blood vessels for that purpose. The walls of those organs are permeable into the blood.

THE LARGE
small intestine term
intestine, a section
canal, much larger
about four feet lu
the right side of th
over under the stor
passes down the le
the rectum, the la
mentary canal.

The liver is a large organ, weighing from ten to twelve pounds. It lies in the upper right part of the body, and is connected to the lungs, and separated from the stomach by the diaphragm. It is the largest gland in the body, while the pancreas tends into the left side of the body, from ten to twelve to slide, six or seven inches long, and is about three times as thick as the thickest part.

The Kidneys
The kidneys are glandular bodies, part of the abdominal cavity, each side of the spine. They are the size of the small of the hand, about four inches long, one and a half inches thick, and weigh from one and a half to two ounces. Internally they are bean-shaped, with a central cavity, and leading to it a tube, through which urine is discharged to the bladder.

The function of the kidneys is to secrete, or separate from the blood, the waste matter of the body. The average weight of the kidneys is a little more than a pound, about three pints.

REPAIR FOR THE SIEGE

Harvey, Valley City	39
djt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	40
Engdahl, Moosomin	36
Capt. A. Wilkins, Devil's	35
e.	35
Livingstone, Edmonton	35
Ferguson, Port Arthur	35
B. Moller, Devil's Lake	32
S. Smith, Medicine Hat	31
Ensign Habikirk, Grand	30
ks.	20
W. White, Portage la	20
Prairie	20
I. McLean, Port Arthur	20
Haugen, Medicine Hat	20
J. Fell, Grafton	28
L. Nuttall, Minot	28
D. O'Neil, Moorhead	28
Potter, Grafton	25
J. Hardy, Hannah	25
M. Chapman, Winnipeg	25
Chapman, Winnipeg	25
W. Meron, Emerson	24
D. Meyers, Port Portage	24
Lang, Brandon	22
Dean, Brandon	22
McRae, Larimore	22
Morris, Grand Forks	21
Forsberg, Emerson	21
Manell, Grand Forks	21
Barrager, Larimore	20
McDonald, Port Arthur	20
Lundberg, Port Portage	20
Brown, Vinton	20
Trew, Winnipeg	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

20 Hostlers.	
djt. McGill, Nelson	160
Ensign Cummins, Victoria	149
djt. Ayre, Butte	139
Malcolm, Billings	119
Reston, Spokane	119
djt. M. H. E. H. H.	119
Krell, Missoula	90
djt. Hay, New Westminster	82
Bovyer, Kallispell	82
Capt. Jackson, Nansimo	70
Bowles, Vancouver	68
Woodthorpe, Vancouver	68
Millar, New Whatcom	68
Buck, New Whatcom	57
Phillips, Vancouver	50
Thoen, Spokane	42
Mortimer, Victoria	42
Evans, Helena	42
Holder, Vancouver	42
Anderson, Helena	41
Eschitt, Helena	40
Avery, Butte	40
Bloss, Kamloops	40
Scott, Lewiston	37
Galt, Lewiston	37
Capt. Lacey, Fernie	35
Lacey, Fernie	35
Seabarth, Butte	30
djt. Alward Vancouver	20

FOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

21 Hostlers.	
J. Listone, St. Johns I.	75
M. Jones, St. Johns I.	70
Lidstone, St. Johns I.	60
Sainsbury, Harbor Grace	40
Major Ebbsay, St. Johns I.	35
Mrs. Peck, St. Johns I.	35
M. Blackmore, Pilley's Is.	35
E. Hinchings, St. Johns I.	35
G. White, St. Johns I.	35
A. Mercer, St. Johns I.	35
A. Peddie, St. Johns I.	35
Mrs. Harris, St. Johns I.	35
E. Payne, St. Johns I.	35
B. Mugford, St. Johns I.	35
Mary Lundon, St. Johns I.	35
Crane, Harbor Grace	35
Major Bartlett, Bridport	35
Major Downey, Selly Cove	35
Harding, St. Johns I.	35
Cronie, St. Johns I.	35
Carter, St. Johns I.	35

KLONDIKE.

2 Hostlers.	
Long, Skagway	121
Gooding, Skagway	101

would not be so deadly if the
would not wear a mask.

For Band of Love Workers

THE AMBULANCE CLASS

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

OUTLINE OF THE MORE IMPORTANT STRUCTURES AND FUNCTIONS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

The Alimentary Canal.

The alimentary canal is an irregular tube, about thirty feet long, which stretched out. The mouth is the opening into its upper end, and the greater part of it lies twisted and coiled up in the abdomen. The first part, extending from the back part of the mouth to the stomach, is called the oesophagus, or gullet, and simply serves to convey food to the stomach.

THE STOMACH.—The stomach is the most dilated part of the alimentary canal. This dilatation forms a coiled sack, curved on itself, and situated in the abdomen on the left side of the body below the lungs and heart, and separated from them by the diaphragm. Its large end is at the left side, covered by the lower ribs, while its small end extends over to the right side. When moderately full it is about twelve inches in length and four in breadth. Its capacity being about three pints in the adult. In the stomach is accomplished part of the process of digestion. It secretes from its walls an acid fluid, called the gastric juice, which acts chemically on the food, which is also reduced or broken up by the movements of its walls.

THE SMALL INTESTINE.—The small intestine is a continuation of the alimentary canal extending from the stomach to the large intestine. It is about twenty feet in length and lies in coils in the abdomen. In it the portions of the food which have been either partially or not at all acted upon by the gastric juice come in contact with the intestinal juice, which is secreted from the walls of the small intestine, the pancreatic juice, which comes from the pancreas or sweetbread, and with the bile from the liver. All of these have their share in the process of digestion, each acting on parts of the food that the others do not affect.

After the food is digested, or, in other words put into a condition proper to be absorbed into the blood, and to nourish the tissues, it is absorbed from the stomach and intestines by means of vessels secreted from the stomach and intestines for that purpose situated in the walls of those organs, and thence goes into the blood.

THE LARGE INTESTINE.—The small intestine terminates in the large intestine, a section of the alimentary canal, much larger in diameter, and about four feet in length. It runs up the right side of the abdomen, crosses over under the stomach and liver and passes down the left side and ends in the rectum, the last part of the alimentary canal.

The Liver.

The liver is a large, reddish-brown organ, weighing from three to four pounds. It lies in the abdomen, under the lungs, and separated from them by the diaphragm. The greater portion of it is in the right side of the body, while the remaining part extends into the left side. It measures from ten to twelve inches from side to side, six or seven from before back, and is about three inches thick in its thickest part.

The function of the liver is to secrete the bile and to produce chemical changes in certain of the constituents of the blood.

The Kidneys.

The kidneys are two bean-shaped glandular bodies, placed in the back part of the abdominal cavity, one on each side of the spine at the level of the small of the back. Each kidney is about four inches in length, two in thickness, and weighs about five ounces. Internally there is a small cavity, and leading from it is a duct, or tube, through which the urine flows to the bladder.

The function of the kidneys is to secrete, or separate, the urine from the blood. The average daily secretion of the kidneys is about fifty ounces—about three pints.

The Skin.

The skin is a tough, flexible and elastic covering to the body. It is a bad conductor of heat, and consequently, with the help of the fatty tissue beneath, prevents the escape of heat from the body.

It is the principal seat of the sense of touch, and in it are sweat and sebaceous glands, hair follicles, nerves, and blood-vessels.

The sweat glands secrete in twenty-four hours about thirty-five ounces of water, or nearly as much as the kidneys, and with the water is thrown off large quantities of waste material from the tissues.

From the above it may easily be seen that the skin is not the simple structure it appears, and that it has other functions than to simply cover the body. The excretory functions of the skin and kidneys are very closely related, diminution of the action of the skin being accompanied by increase of the action of the kidneys, and vice versa.

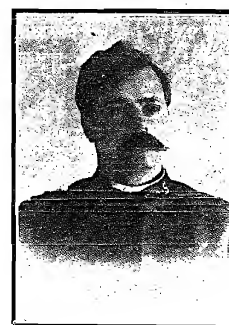


Missoula.

On Wednesday evening one dear brother gave himself up to our Saviour, resolving, with God's help, to live right. Capt. Flehr has been sick, but, praise the Lord, she is able to be at the meetings once more. May God bless the Captain and give her back health and strength to push on the war here in Missoula.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Butte.

On Thursday night two sisters volunteered for salvation. Our soldiers' meeting resulted in one wanderer returning to his post, and on Saturday night two brothers came to the Cross. The barracks were nicely filled on Sunday night, and one dear sister could not wait for the invitation, but came out boldly in the middle of the service and gave her heart to God. I am glad to say that the interest is increasing. Although our barracks is



Ensign Stalger, T.F.S., North-West Prov.

quite a distance from the centre of the city, with no possible way to help our position at present, yet we go on in spite of it all and are going to come out with flying colors.—R. Prouse, R. C.

Kamloops.

God's work is advancing here. New Year's Watch-night service, conducted by the Ensign and Lieutenant, proved a great blessing. One sister sought and found the Pearl of Greatest Price. New Year's night Bro. Grezeli gave a very enjoyable gramophone entertainment to a large and appreciative audience; proceeds in aid of our Soldiers' work. "Holiness unto the Lord," has been our officers' purpose since coming into our midst. The Rev. Mr. Lathier, and Rev. Mr. McLeod rendered good assistance in the holiness meetings. His Spirit is working on the hearts of the people. We have raised the standard since the New Year, not having colors till this year. —One of the standard-bearers.

Billings.

We were very sorry to lose our dear beloved officers, Capt. and Mrs. Brown, who have been our leaders for the last six months. Capt. and Mrs. Brown leave with the prayers and best wishes of the soldiers.—A comrade.

Billings.

Billings is all right, souls are getting saved, and four recruits were enrolled on Sunday night under the Blood-and-Fire flag. May God keep them. We had a nice little dinner in the barracks on Xmas Day for the soldiers and a few friends, and a splendid tree for the children at night. We are sorry to lose our officers, Capt. Hart, and Lieut. Malcolm, who are firewreath. May God go with them to their next appointment. Capt. Barrach and Meredith are coming to us. May they prove a blessing to Billings.—Sergeant Major.

Fernie.

We had a good day on Sunday, with three souls for salvation. Monday night was a heart-searching time. Some conversions were made which will make the devil tremble in days to come. Fernie is all right. Prospects are good.—Magpie.

Ingratitude.

At a dinner party in Bath, the Rev. William Jay was lamenting the ingratitude that Mrs. Hannah More had just then met with from a person whom she had formerly recommended to his good offices, upon which he received a look from her that silenced him. After dinner, drawing him to a corner of the room, she said, "You know, we must never speak of these things before people; for they are always too backward to do good, and they are sure to dwell on these facts to justify their illiberality." She finally added, "It is well for us sometimes to meet with such instances of ingratitude to show us our motives: for if they have been right, we shall not repent of the deed, though we lament the depravity of a fellow creature. In these instances, also, as in a glass, we may see little emblems of ourselves; for what, after all, is the ingratitude of anyone towards us, compared with our ingratitude towards our Infinite Benefactor?"

The Thompson Hill Revival:

* * Or, HOW WE HELPED THE CHURCHES.

By CAPT. COPPERFIELD.

(Continued.)

Friday was our last day. But the best of the wine seemed reserved for the last. We had planned to leave early, but at day-break the Spirit of the Lord woke me up and told me to go after Agatha Williams' brother, who lived about a mile away. I got there before he was awake, and prayed until he opened the door for me, and let me in. "I knew God would send you," said Agatha. The Lord enabled me to speak to him faithfully, and after a struggle with the devil, who was trying to let him go, he made a full surrender, confessing his sins and asking for pardon. His sister prayed for him, and he found peace, and kissed both her and me.

Bidding them good-bye, I stepped across the road to the classroom, where a prayer meeting was going on. I felt led to stop the one who was praying, and called for the immediate and unconditional surrender of those who really wished to be converted. A man with a wooden leg was the first to come out, and others followed weeping, until five knelt and prayed aloud for mercy. As they stood up to give their first testimonies for God, Agatha's brother came in and gave his too, so there was quite a rejoicing.

Hurrying away from there I got to our billet, where the horses were already saddled for our departure. On looking over my note book I found that 149 souls had publicly sought salvation since our advent on Sunday. "We want one to make up the 150," I said to a young woman living in the house, named Ada, "and I call upon you, in the name of the Lord, to give up yourself to Him," I said. But she refused to yield. It was with difficulty that we got her on her knees. While praying with her, however, Anne's mother, an old elderly woman of about 60 years of age, who was outside the room, screamed and came rushing in, throwing herself on the floor. "Lord, have mercy on a vile wretch like me," she cried. We were much surprised, because she had told us she had been a Christian all her life, and had expressed sympathy with us in our effort to save others. However, we dealt faithfully with her, and while doing so a married daughter of her's came in with a baby in her arms. "Take the baby from me," she cried, and then fell upon her knees, crying, "Lord, baptize me with Thy Holy Spirit!" She got up

after a time saying she was filled with the fullness of God. Then my Lieutenant invited in three young men who had been looking through the window. One smiled a bit at first, but all three were soon confessing their sins to God, and pleading for mercy. Then a woman came along with a load of yams on her head. She "helped" down her load, and came forward with tears in her eyes, under deep conviction. Then a schoolman came in. "He is the vilest man in the district," said his wife to me, aside, "please speak to him." I did, and he was on his knees a few minutes afterwards, only that he found it hard to believe that God could and would forgive him there and then.

There were still a few present for the neighbors came in) who were unsaved, and would not yield, including Ada; but looking round I saw one of the little children who had been converted on Wednesday night. Lifting her up on a table I told her to tell what the Lord had done for her. None other than God Almighty could have given her the words that she spoke! The tears ran down my face, and down the faces of everybody present. The three unsaved ones could hold out no longer; so we prayed for them, they prayed for themselves, and God got complete victory.

We had wanted one soul to make up the number of 150; and God gave us 15, making a grand total of 164.

We then re-consecrated ourselves to Him, sang the doxology several times, and bade each other farewell—many of the people following us along the road for about a mile. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. We tried to sing, but our voices were gone. But we had a wonderful peace within, as we felt that God had again set His seal upon our calling, and renewed our strength!

"Is there anything that You would specially care to say to me?" I asked the Lord as I rode along, with my mind stayed upon Him; and He answered, "What I say unto all, I say unto you, Watch!"

If you would grow more in grace, try praying more for people you don't like.

The devil enjoys himself in the company of people who are well pleased with themselves.

THE SIEGE

Commences on Sunday,
Feb. 24th, and ends on
Good Friday, April 5th.

